

**NCAA
TOURNAMENT
PREVIEW**

PART 1

MARCH 16, 2015 | SI.COM | @SINOW

WHO CAN CATCH THE CATS?

Sports Illustrated

THE CONTENDERS

ARIZONA

DUKE

NORTHERN
IOWA

WISCONSIN

AND ...

KENTUCKY'S BIG THREE

Karl-Anthony Towns
Willie Cauley-Stein
Dakari Johnson

PLUS

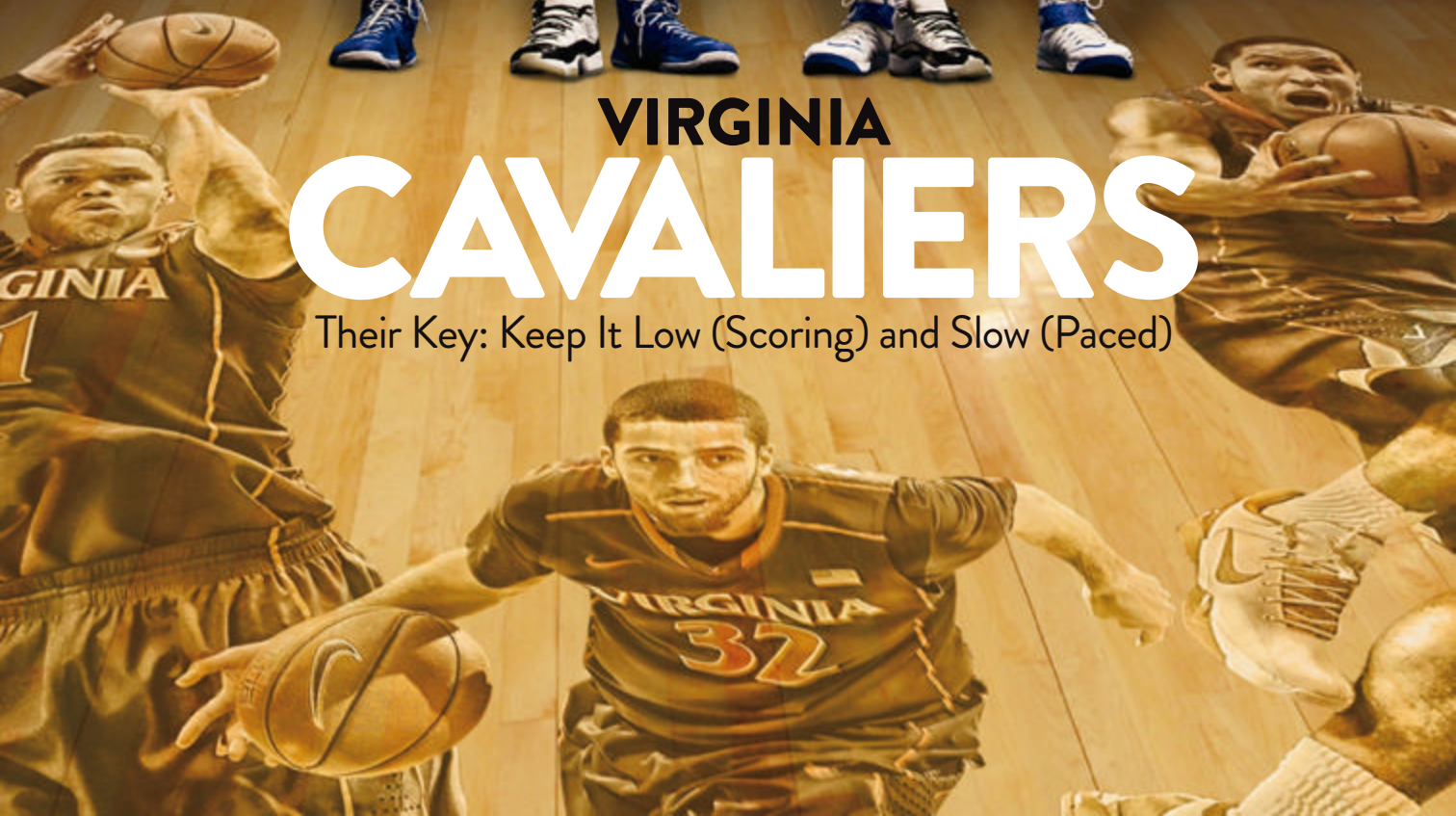
CRISIS IN THE TRIANGLE

Rasheed Sulaimon's
Complicated Case
BY EMILY KAPLAN P. 60

How Carolina
Lost Its Way
BY S.L. PRICE P. 64

VIRGINIA CAVALIERS

Their Key: Keep It Low (Scoring) and Slow (Paced)



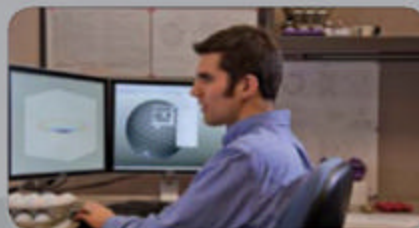


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2015 | VOLUME 122 | NO. 11

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**+
IRON MAN**

When Mike Tyson posed for *The Ring* magazine in 1985, no one could have imagined his—or his sport's—future. Lately it's a brighter one (SCORECARD).

SI HAS REGIONAL COVERS:

AL TIELEMANS/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (KENTUCKY); PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY SI PREMEDIA ARIZONA (FROM LEFT): ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES (RONDAE HOLLIS-JEFFERSON); RICK SCUTERI/AP (STANLEY JOHNSON); LIDA DEGROOTE/J AND L PHOTOGRAPHY/GETTY IMAGES (BRANDON ASHLEY) VIRGINIA: ALAN DIAZ/AP (JUSTIN ANDERSON); JOEL AUERBACH/GETTY IMAGES (LONDON PERRANTES); JOHN MINCHILLO/AP (MALCOLM BROGDON) NORTHERN IOWA: DOUG MCSCHOOLER/AP (SETH TUTTLE); ISAIAH J. DOWNING/USA TODAY SPORTS (WES WASHPUN); SKIP ROWLAND/AP (NATE BUSS)

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Looking for answers in the aftermath of UNC's academic scandal

By S.L. Price

Sports Illustrated



Adhesive Forces

As March's madness begins to reach a frenzy, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED senior writer Seth Davis unveils his 2015 All-Glue team. Glue Guys are often tricky to spot and hard to define. They're usually not the high scorer or the star player. Still, guys such as Butler senior guard **Alex Barlow**, Baylor junior forward **Rico Gathers** and Wisconsin senior guard **Josh Gasser** bind their teams together. They do the little things [the stuff that you will not see on a stat sheet] to help their teams: show leadership, play good defense, set screens, make the extra pass, dive on the floor for loose balls. They do those things enthusiastically, without being asked or coached to do them. Few players have their indefatigable work ethic or go as hard as they do each game. To see Davis's complete breakdown of this year's All-Glue team go to SI.com/college-basketball



Go to the Video

Looking for another way to stay in the game? Check out 120 Sports, the all-digital network that provides 24-hour access to highlights and analysis. In conjunction with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, MLB.com, the NBA, the NHL, NASCAR and Campus Insiders, 120 Sports features live and on-demand videos driven by topics trending on social media. To see more, go to 120sports.com

SI.COM'S Top Stories

1 Blaylock's Downward Spiral

For a roundup of last week's most popular stories on SI.com, including Greg Hanlon's feature on the tragic life of former NBA point guard **Mookie Blaylock**, go to SI.com/topstories

2 A Force Unleashed

A pro at 18, Mike Tyson was boxing's ultimate destroyer

3 Roar

Inside Katy Perry's mechanical lion from Super Bowl XLIX

4 A Subtle Swing

The Cubs' Javier Baez has a new approach to hitting

5 Running Mate

Why Peyton Manning will need his RBs more than ever



Looking for something to help you spring forward? With

Basketball Throwdown on the FanNation fantasy sports app, you can challenge your friends for cash prizes or just for bragging rights. Go to fannation.si.com to pick three NBA players from three teams and see who beats his projection.

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**Leading
Off**

The Imitation Jam

■ St. John's sophomore guard Rysheed Jordan called to mind his name- and number-sake with a Jumpman-like posterization of Villanova guard Dylan Ennis last Saturday in Philadelphia. The 6' 4" Jordan finished with a team-high 21 points in a 105-68 loss to the fourth-ranked Wildcats.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
MATT SLOCUM
AP





+

2
3**Leading
Off**

San Francisco Giant

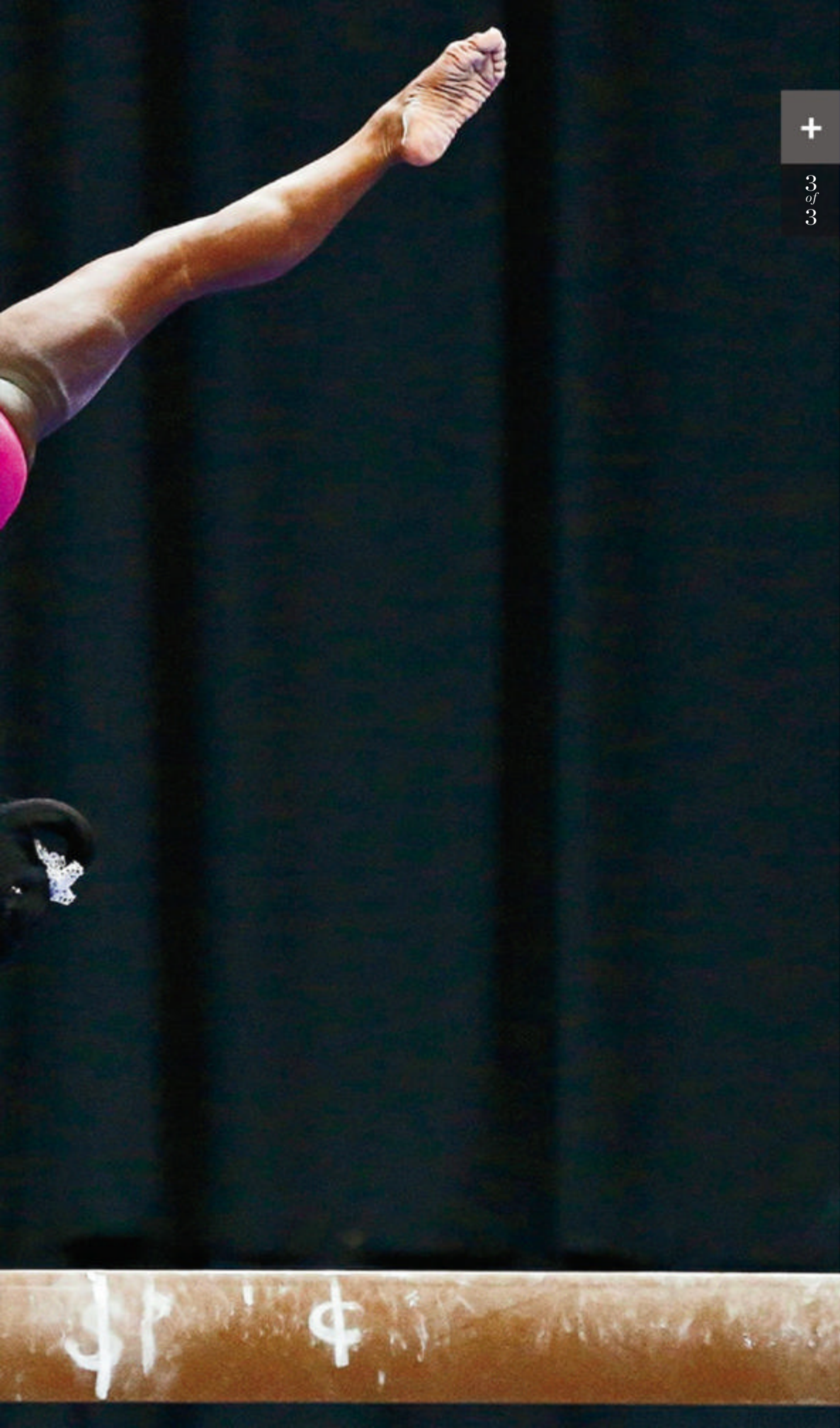
■ 49ers inside linebacker Patrick Willis (52) was set to announce his retirement from the NFL on Tuesday after eight seasons, the first seven as a Pro Bowler. Though only 30, Willis has been hampered by a left toe injury, which caused him to miss 10 games last season.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
**PETER READ
MILLER**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



AAAI



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**Leading
Off**

Power of Balance

■ Simone Biles of the U.S. put on a dominant display at the American Cup last Saturday in Arlington, Texas, placing first in all four events before 10,383 fans at AT&T Stadium. Biles, 17, the two-time defending all-around world champion, scored a meet-record 62.299 points to defeat teammate MyKayla Skinner. Oleg Verniaiev of Ukraine was the men's winner.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
RON JENKINS
TNS/ZUMAPRESS.COM

INBOX

FOR MARCH 2, 2015

Thank you, Alex Wolff, for giving us the Frost Heaves! My wife and I had the pleasure of meeting some of the players at church. They also exhibited Mr. Wolff's passion for this adventure. We were all winners with this team.

Don Rinker, New Haven, Vt.



COVER



It feels like Gonzaga could crash into this year's Final Four, the way Wichita State and Butler have. Many fans here in Washington believe this is the year that the little school from Spokane will finally break through.

Jeff Swanson
Everett, Wash.

What an amazing blurb on the Patriots' **Malcolm Butler** and his rise from working at Popeyes to making the game-sealing interception in the Super Bowl. He is an inspiration to Division II players who want to continue their dreams of making it in the league.

Terry George, Buffalo



Marlins owner Jeffrey Loria's call to Bud Selig regarding **Giancarlo Stanton's** care while in the hospital is an insult to emergency rooms and medical personnel everywhere. Nobody needs to call the commissioner to ensure quality care at a hospital in Milwaukee or anywhere else.

Marlene Buechel
Verona, Wis.

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POINT AFTER

As a Minnesotan, I was thrilled to read **Steve Rushin's** essay *The Lure of 10,000 Lakes*. I have been on cloud nine since I heard Kevin Garnett was coming back. Not sure if it's just a Minnesotan thing, but Rushin really expresses how we feel about our sports here.

Katy Leppa
Glenwood, Minn.

Gonzaga coach **Mark Few** says his players don't get into trouble? In 2007 sophomore center Josh Heytvelt and freshman forward Theo Davis were arrested for drug possession. Both got plea deals but were suspended by Few for eight months before being reinstated.

Terry Griner, Spokane



I find it interesting that Rushin claims everyone who leaves Minnesota almost always comes back. Tell that to the Lakers and to the Dallas Stars.

Anthony Lucas
McArthur
Thornton, Colo.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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Edited by JIM GORANT + TED KEITH

SCORECARD

Off the Canvas

Like the sport he once dominated, Mike Tyson has overcome hard times and is proving he can't be counted out

BY TIM LAYDEN



GO BACK 25 years and imagine a question: Which will survive deep into the new millennium, the sport of boxing as a mainstream commercial and spectator enterprise, or Mike Tyson, whose five-year reign of dominance had just come to a stunning end with a knockout loss to Buster Douglas? The most logical answer then: neither.

In 1990, Tyson's defeat left the sport without a transcendent superstar. There was a time when it didn't need one. A generation earlier boxing stood alongside baseball, college football and horse racing as the most popular sports in the United States. But with the rise of the NFL, the Magic/Bird/Jordan NBA and the TV-driven splintering of fans' interest that has turned nearly every sport into a niche one, boxing was swimming desperately upstream. Ali and Frazier were gone. Sugar Ray Leonard was all but finished. The rise of Lennox Lewis and Roy Jones Jr. would come later, but neither was up to the task of keeping boxing relevant beyond its narrowing fan base.

From 1985 to '88, Tyson had pumped adrenaline into the

sport. He was at first a teenaged punching machine dropping tomato cans every few weeks and then, at 20, the youngest heavyweight champion in history, a cartoon destroyer in black shorts and black shoes who tapped into a public bloodlust that peaked in his 35th consecutive victory, a 91-second knockout of Michael Spinks on June 27, 1988. But by then Tyson had already begun to fade. His mentor, trainer Cus D'Amato, died in '85; his most trusted adviser, Jim Jacobs, passed away in the spring of '88. Sharks circled; Tyson trusted no one.

Thirty-nine days before the Spinks fight, when I was the Tyson beat writer for the *Albany Times Union*, Tyson told me, "Everything in my life was too good to be true, wasn't it? Now my life is so screwed up." Over the ensuing decade Tyson would get beaten up by Douglas, descend into drug and alcohol abuse, serve three years in an Indiana prison on a rape conviction and bite off a piece of Evander Holyfield's ear. Now Tyson understands that his downfall was inevitable in 1988, even before he bludgeoned Spinks. "I didn't care anymore," Tyson told me in February, our first conversation in 27 years. "The flesh-eaters had already grabbed me and taken advantage of me, and they were already cutting me into pieces for their own self-aggrandizement. At that point I had already taken the poison and I was just waiting to die."

And he probably should have, along with his sport. Yet here we are, and both are stubbornly alive.

Tyson, 48, lives in Las Vegas with his third wife, Kiki, and their two children. Tyson says he is sober and that by the end

of the year he will have paid off his IRS bill, once \$23 million. "It's my Siberia, because of the life I've lived," he says. "But I wouldn't give this up for anything." Tyson coproduced and appears in director Bert Marcus's documentary, *Champs*, a study of boxing's role as a source of hope for young men that opens on March 13. Tyson's animated series on Adult Swim, *Mike Tyson Mysteries*, has been renewed for a second season, and he even had a successful one-man Broadway show. He has been reborn as a significant figure in popular culture.

Boxing, meanwhile, is clawing back from its own exile. On Feb. 20, Floyd Mayweather and Manny Pacquiao agreed at long last to step into a ring together, on May 2 in Las Vegas. The fight comes five years later than once hoped and will match two men whose combined age is 74, but that will do little to dull enthusiasm for what is expected to be the highest-grossing boxing match in history. It is arguably the biggest fight in the U.S. since Lewis pummeled a badly faded Tyson in 2002. Meanwhile, NBC (with NBC Sports Network) has committed to televising 20 shows of live boxing matches in 2015, beginning last Saturday night. The shows will give boxing a potentially wider audience from which to succeed or fail than it has had in three decades.

All of this makes for a renaissance just as unexpected as Tyson's. And flips the answer posed earlier from *neither to both*. □

SI.COM

To read more from Tim Layden about his experience covering a young Mike Tyson, go to SI.com/longform

GO FIGURE



Field goals by **Tim Duncan** in the Spurs' 116-105 win over the Bulls on Sunday. It was the first time in the future Hall of Famer's 18-year career, spanning 1,545 regular- and postseason games, that he failed to make a shot from the floor.



108

Wins that will reportedly be stripped from the record of Syracuse coach **Jim Boeheim**, after the NCAA announced a variety of sanctions against the Orange last Friday. Boeheim, 70, has won 966 games, but his new official total will be 858.



Braves pitchers who combined to no-hit a split-squad Astros team in a 10-inning spring training game that ended in a 2-2 tie on Sunday.

\$10,000

Amount of money Bulls guard **Jimmy Butler** agreed to donate to Chicago's Phoenix Military Academy if student **Jabaree White** could make a one-handed three-point shot in three tries. The junior made it on his first attempt.



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- Before you use JUBLIA, tell your doctor about all your medical conditions, including if you are or plan to become pregnant, are breastfeeding, or plan to breastfeed, because it is not known whether JUBLIA can harm an unborn fetus or nursing infant. Tell your doctor about all medications you are taking, and whether you have any other nail infections.



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- JUBLIA is flammable. Avoid heat and flame while applying JUBLIA to your toenail.
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- JUBLIA may cause irritation at the treated site. The most common side effects include: ingrown toenail, redness, itching, swelling, burning or stinging, blisters, and pain. Tell your doctor about any side effects that bother you or do not go away.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Please see Patient Information for JUBLIA on next page.



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PATIENT INFORMATION

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This Patient Information does not include all the information needed to use JUBLIA safely and effectively. Please see full Prescribing Information.

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What is JUBLIA?

JUBLIA is a prescription medicine used to treat fungal infections of the toenails. It is not known if JUBLIA is safe and effective in children.

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Before you use JUBLIA, tell your healthcare provider about all your medical conditions, including if you:

- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if JUBLIA can harm your unborn baby.
- are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. It is not known if JUBLIA passes into your breast milk.

Tell your healthcare provider about all the medicines you take, including prescription and over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements.

How should I use JUBLIA?

See the “Instructions for Use” at the end of this Patient Information leaflet for detailed information about the right way to use JUBLIA.

- Use JUBLIA exactly as your healthcare provider tells you to use it. Apply JUBLIA to your affected toenails 1 time each day. Wait for at least 10 minutes after showering, bathing or washing before applying JUBLIA. JUBLIA is used for 48 weeks.

What should I avoid while using JUBLIA?

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- Avoid pedicures, use of nail polish, or cosmetic nail products, while using JUBLIA.

What are the possible side effects of JUBLIA?

JUBLIA may cause irritation at the treated site. The most common side effects include: ingrown toenail, redness, itching, swelling, burning or stinging, blisters, and pain. Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effects that bother you or that does not go away.

These are not all the possible side effects of JUBLIA.

Call your doctor for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to the FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.

How should I store JUBLIA?

- Store JUBLIA at room temperature, between 68°F to 77°F (20°C to 25°C). Do not freeze JUBLIA.
- Keep the bottle tightly closed and store in an upright position.
- JUBLIA is flammable. Keep away from heat and flame.

Keep JUBLIA and all medicines out of the reach of children.

General information about the safe and effective use of JUBLIA

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for purposes other than those listed in a Patient Information leaflet. You can ask your pharmacist or healthcare provider for information about JUBLIA that is written for health professionals. Do not use JUBLIA for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give JUBLIA to other people, even if they have the same condition you have. It may harm them.

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Issued: 06/2014 9391901

DRAFTS

Race to The Bottom

THE BIRTHPLACE OF HOPE

for any floundering franchise is the draft, and while playoff races are heating up in both the NHL and the NBA, some teams are already focusing on late June. On March 2 the Sabres held a trade-deadline fire sale that included four deals to beef up their already sizable stockpile of future draft picks. (Buffalo will have two first-rounders in June.) And on March 3, Knicks president Phil Jackson was fined for talking about an NCAA underclassman, when he said that Ohio State guard D'Angelo Russell was "a great-looking prospect." The Sabres and the Knicks have the worst records in the NHL and the NBA, respectively, but that doesn't guarantee them the top pick. Here's a look at the chase to be the best of the worst in those two leagues.



NBA

The System: The first three picks of the draft are awarded by a weighted lottery system, in which the last-place team has a 25% chance of getting the first pick. The lowest pick the NBA's cellar-dweller could receive is fourth overall.

The Prizes: Duke's Jahlil Okafor (*above, right*), a 6' 11" freshman center, is the likely top pick and a franchise-changing talent. OSU's Russell, who is averaging 19.2 points per game, has been racing up draft boards all season and is next in line.

The Contenders: The Knicks traded Iman Shumpert and J.R. Smith in January, then waived six-time All-Star Amar'e Stoudemire last month, while the 76ers dealt 2014 Rookie of the Year Michael Carter-Williams at the Feb. 19 trade deadline. Watch out for the T-Wolves: They were only two games ahead of New York at week's end.

The "Winner": With a road-heavy schedule down the stretch, New York may finally succeed in giving its fans a first-place finish.



NHL

The System: This year a weighted lottery will determine only the first pick; the rest will be dictated by season-ending records. For example, the 30th-place team, which will have a 20% chance of picking first, is guaranteed at worst the second overall selection.

The Prizes: The NHL has not one but two potential franchise centers entering the draft, Connor McDavid (*above, left*) of the OHL's Erie Otters and Jack Eichel from Boston University. They are the most-hyped prospects since Sidney Crosby was drafted No. 1 in 2005.

The Contenders: The Sabres traded two starting goaltenders in three weeks, leaving them with a trio in net that boasts just 142 career starts. The Coyotes, who had lost 11 of 12 through Sunday, also sold off some assets at the deadline and are sinking in time to challenge Buffalo for most futile.

The "Winner": The Sabres need a face of the franchise, and without a proven goalie, they have guaranteed that they will get one.

THEY SAID IT



"He may have a bit of a sore neck."

Jörg Schmadtke, athletic director of Cologne, after team mascot Hennes, a goat, was roughed up by striker Anthony Ujah while celebrating a goal in the team's 4-2 win against Eintracht Frankfurt on Sunday.

Go ... Rogues?

THE NEW WILL SMITH caper, *Focus*, includes a scene set at the Super Bowl.

Only it's *not* the Super Bowl—and the teams on the field aren't the Patriots and the Seahawks. They're the Rhinos and the Threshers, from a made-up league called the American Football Franchise of America. This sort of thing happens often in movies, and it drives anyone who knows the difference between the Miami Dolphins and the Miami Sharks bananas. Below are the seven most egregious examples of Hollywood working around copyright issues in an especially unsatisfying way. —Chris Nashawaty



- 1 **Any Given Sunday** (1999)
THE MIAMI SHARKS
Ace Ventura could get the Dolphins' blessing, but this gladiatorial take on the NFL couldn't? Maybe director Oliver Stone needed a private-eye character who talked out of his keister.
- 2 **The Natural** (1984)
THE NEW YORK KNIGHTS
Why do real teams like the Cubs appear while Roy Hobbs plays for the fictional Knights? Could you really hit the cover off the ball? And why can't the Pirates catch a break, even on the silver screen?
- 3 **Semi-Pro** (2008)
THE FLINT TROPICS
In Will Ferrell's air-ball send-up of the ABA, the only thing more implausible than the Michigan-based Tropics' name is the height of Ferrell's white-guy 'fro.
- 4 **Blue Chips** (1994)
THE WESTERN
UNIVERSITY DOLPHINS
In which Nick Nolte channels Bob Knight, Shaq delivers his best pre-*Kazaam* performance and NBA bust Matt Nover is hailed as the next Larry Bird. Matt. Nover.
- 5 **The Dark Knight Rises** (2012)
GOTHAM ROGUES
Several actual Steelers (hey, Hines Ward!) appeared in this Batman flick only to be terrorized by the muzzled baddie Bane. Remind us why a city plagued by violence and villainy would have a masked outlaw on its helmet?
- 6 **Necessary Roughness** (1991)
TEXAS STATE FIGHTIN' ARMADILLOS
Honestly, why even bother going for authenticity when your college football squad features Jason Bateman, Sinbad and Kathy Ireland (!?) as its clutch field goal kicker?
- 7 **Slap Shot** (1977)
CHARLESTOWN CHIEFS
This classic look at minor league hockey features the greatest plug for the ancillary uses of aluminum foil, but the less said about the Hanson brothers' two straight-to-video sequels, the better.



BREAKOUT PERFORMER

HOT

Ndamukong Suh

D-tackle agrees to record \$114 million deal with Dolphins. So he's halfway to covering his future fines.

Craig Sager

TNT NBA sideline reporter returns after 11-month battle with leukemia. League wasn't nearly as colorful without him.

Rory McIlroy

World's No. 1 golfer finished in ninth place at Cadillac Championship, but just a club's throw from first.

Ivy tie

Winner of Yale-Harvard on Saturday goes to NCAAAs. Loser condemned to a life of failure.

Yu Darvish

Rangers ace may need Tommy John surgery. If only that were all that is keeping Texas from postseason contention.

NOT



SIGN OF THE APOCALYPSE



The course of the Iditarod dogsled race in Alaska had to be moved for only the second time in 43 years because of a snow shortage.

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Rookie Rehab

[How Jabari Parker is working to get back on the court](#)

IT BEGAN AS a standard fast break: a missed shot, a quick rebound and a sprint toward the rim at the opposite end of the court. It ended unexpectedly, with Bucks rookie Jabari Parker clutching his left knee as he lay on the floor.

The No. 2 pick in last summer's draft was playing in his 25th NBA game when he suffered that season-ending ACL tear on Dec. 15. But after his quick transition to the pros following a brief, 35-game college career at Duke, Parker and the Milwaukee training staff saw the injury not as a setback but as a chance to take the time to reconstruct the 19-year-old's 6' 8", 240-pound body with durability and longevity in mind.

"Jabari was able to realize he had an opportunity to change a lot of things that will make him better in the future," says Bucks' head athletic trainer Scott Barthlama. "Now we are concentrating on correcting bad movement patterns and rebuilding him from the ground up."

Parker, who had surgery on Jan. 5,



began his rehab last month with exercises that strengthen his knees and hip, gluteus and core muscles. The primary focus, though, is on increasing his overall stability. "You can't fire a canon out of a canoe," says Barthlama, referring to the need for Parker to be balanced before he generates any power. "By being able to contract his core first, he can be much more efficient in his movement patterns."

The concept behind Parker's sessions is *proximal to distal movement*, meaning the muscles closest to the center of his body (the core) should activate before those farthest away (such as the hands or feet). By tightening his abs first,

Barthlama says, Parker will become more balanced and less likely to be pushed around on the court.

Parker is aware that his natural talents have carried him this far in his young career. But the small forward, who is expected to be back on the court early next season, says that in addition to the core-strengthening program, he's following a structured nutrition plan to elevate his game even higher.

"When I was in high school and college, I got a glimpse of how I needed to train," Parker says. "Now it's all come full circle—my performance needs to be high and time is the enemy, so I need to be as efficient and effective as possible." —Jamie Lisanti

EDGE

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Parker's Road to Recovery

For more athlete training profiles and tips, go to SI.com/trainingwith



Strengthening

Medicine balls and kettlebells allow Parker to emphasize his core while he builds strength through simultaneous movements.



Scheduling

Parker's diet, which is now higher in protein and nutrients, is scaled to his activity level, and meal timing is crucial. He's also drinking more water for optimal hydration.



Stabilizing

Resistance bands help Parker work on static and dynamic balance and train his hips to work in conjunction with his leg muscles.



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Still Fighting

Two-time heavyweight champ
George Foreman is fueled by a desire
to never stop working—and earning

BY DANIEL ROBERTS

IT'S A MILD February day, and George Foreman is piloting a golf cart around his 45-acre property in Huffman, Texas. He points out the basketball and tennis courts. He opens the spotless garage that holds more than 38 cars (among them Ferrari, Porsche, and Maybach). He drives alongside the horse stables he owns.

“Money has to be spent,” Foreman says. “It is not made to be saved.” The two-time heavyweight champ knows how to spend, which works well with his greater philosophy of business and life. “Don’t ever stop earning,” he says. “It’s a curse to think you have enough. I remember my first million-dollar check for a boxing match. What a joy. And then my first \$5 million check. What a joy. But today, I can go out and get a \$5,000 check, and the joy is as great because I’m earning.”

To that end Foreman, 66, is preparing to launch George Foreman’s Butcher Shop, a mail-order meat company with an emphasis on quality, healthfulness and products sourced from family farms in the Midwest. “These days, man, how careful do you have to be with meat,” he says. “You want to know about the cow’s brother, sister, the spot she stood on.”



As he flashes his familiar grin from behind the wheel of the golf cart, Foreman looks like a shining example of someone who did everything right after his athletic career ended. That he may be better known for hawking grills than for punching them in is a testament to how far he's come. But the trip wasn't an easy one.

FOREMAN TURNED pro after winning gold at the 1968 Olympics. Fueled by an internal anger—and featuring one of the most powerful right hands in boxing history—he seethed and scowled his way to a 40–0 record (37 KOs) and, after knocking down Joe Frazier six times in a 1973 bout, the undisputed heavyweight championship. But in the 1974 Rumble in the Jungle against Muhammad Ali in Zaire, Foreman was knocked out in the eighth round, a defeat that left him emotionally destroyed and bitter. “If I watch it 100 times,” says Foreman “each time I still think I’m going to win.”

Foreman won five fights over the next three years, including a 1976 rematch with Frazier, but his life changed after a loss to Jimmy Young in March 1977. Foreman had a religious awakening in the locker room after the fight; he decided to retire from boxing and soon became a born-again Christian and a preacher. After he stepped away, he realized that his surly fighting persona had been a construct: He’d modeled his walk after John Wayne, his manner after Sonny Liston and his moustache after running back Jim Brown. When he quit, he let it all go. “It took so long for me to find me,” he says. “Once I did, my mom even liked me. She didn’t like me much when I was trying to be those other guys.”

But preaching didn’t pay as well as prizefighting, and by 1987, Foreman needed money for his three-year-old youth center in Houston. “I was not enthusiastic, realizing what a horrid person he had been,” Bob Arum says of promoting Foreman’s return to the ring after a 10-year absence. That may seem a harsh assessment, but it’s one Foreman does not dispute. “After spending an hour with him, I said, ‘This is the greatest con man in history,’ because he was so different from what he had been before,” says Arum. “But it wasn’t a con. He had really changed.”

Bald, 47 pounds heavier than he had been in his prime and always ready to joke and



FOREMAN FIGURES

The numbers behind George Foreman's vast—and still growing—financial empire

\$137.5 MILLION

Combined cash and stock paid to Foreman in 1999 for the use of his name on the George Foreman Grill.

150 MILLION +

Number of grills sold to date.

\$5 MILLION

Foreman's purse for the 1974 Rumble in the Jungle against Muhammad Ali.

13

Brands Foreman has partnered with over the years, according to his family, including McDonald's, Nike and Pepsi.

38

Number of cars in Foreman's garage, including Maybach, Porsche and Tesla.

76-5

Foreman's professional boxing record.



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smile, Foreman became a fan favorite. When his comeback culminated with the defeat of 26-year-old Michael Moorer in 1994, Foreman became, at 45, the oldest heavyweight champion ever. His second act in the ring brought opportunities the younger Foreman never could have imagined.

He had initially been wary of hawking products, but that changed after an unlikely phone call in 1991. Foreman was in a hotel room when comedian Bill Cosby called to offer support. Decades earlier Foreman had appeared on *The Dating Game* with Cosby's brother Bob. Foreman told Cosby that companies were coming to him with offers but said, "I don't want to be on TV saying this and that." Cosby admonished him for ignoring the opportunities. "Come on, man. You're no different from anyone else. You want to be on television, you want to be known," Foreman remembers him saying. "If you don't take 'em, I'll take 'em." From then on Foreman embraced the pitch.

Over the years he has done endorsements, for Nike, Doritos, McDonald's and Meineke. In 1994 he agreed to lend his name to and appear in commercials for a line of indoor grills. The George Foreman Grill became such a runaway success that he has earned more from the cookers than he ever made in the ring. In 1999, Salton Inc., the maker of the product, gave him \$137.5 million in combined stock and cash to avoid having to continue paying him royalties.

Last year he became a spokesperson for InventHelp, which helps people get patents for prototypes of products—a sensible fit, since it's often wrongly assumed that Foreman invented the grill. Foreman, who does everything from radio commercials to corporate speaking engagements, summarizes his approach as "never say *no*."

A **SIDE FROM** the endorsements, Foreman (aka Big George) is in business with three of his five sons, all of whom are named George Edward Foreman. George IV (Bigwheel) serves as his dad's publicist and is managing the meat company. George III (Monk) became the only son to box. Big George trained him, and Monk went 16–0, last fighting in December 2012 before deciding to put his degree from Rice to use in the business world. He now owns a gym in Boston called Everybody Fights, in which his father has a small investment. Two

HIS SECOND ACT IN THE RING BROUGHT OPPORTUNITIES THE YOUNGER FOREMAN NEVER COULD HAVE IMAGINED.

A Real Knockout

Twenty-one years after smoking Joe Frazier in Jamaica (below), Foreman regained the heavyweight title by KO'ing Michael Moorer in Las Vegas (cover).



SI.COM

To watch a video about George Foreman and to see the entire Pro-Files video series, go to SI.com/pro-files

years ago, Big George and George Jr. (Junior) launched Foreman Boys Promotions, which has partnered with Arum's Top Rank to put on seven fights in Macau and a few in Texas.

Whenever they can, Big George and his wife, Mary, head out to his ranch in Marshall, Texas, about three hours away from Huffman. There he keeps about 50 horses and raises Black Angus cattle. When they arrive at the ranch, he and his wife go horseback riding and feel instantly relaxed. But after two days Big George says, "Let's leave!" At 6' 3" and a self-reported 255 pounds, he moves more slowly than he used to, but he still likes to be active. Besides all his business interests, he preaches three days a week and teaches Sunday school. "The best thing that can ever happen to a human being is a job," he says. "You don't have a job, you're going to die!" □



Sports Illustrated
HIGH SCHOOL
ATHLETE OF THE MONTH

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■ At 5' 4" and 122 pounds, Savannah Braud might seem an unlikely weightlifter. And yet the former cheerleader from Timber Creek High in Orlando is the perfect ambassador for a small but growing girls' sport. A senior with a 3.98 GPA, Savannah is a former youth national champ who carries herself with the confidence that comes from being able to lift her body weight—and then some—over her head. This year she overcame a back injury that sidelined her for six weeks to qualify for states, where she set personal records in both the bench press (145 pounds) and the clean and jerk (160). "This sport has made me never want to give up," she says. "I love weightlifting for [teaching me] that hard work will get me places." For more on Savannah, and to nominate your own candidate, visit SI.com/HSathlete



Anthony Juckes | *Farmington, N.M.* | *Wrestling*

Anthony, a senior at Piedra Vista High, won his fifth state title, pinning Jerry Robinson of Belen High for the 145-pound championship. [His first came as an eighth-grader, at 103 pounds.] His victory clinched the Class 5A title for the Panthers, making Anthony the first New Mexico wrestler to earn five team and five individual championships.



Jackie Young | *Princeton, Ind.* | *Basketball*

Jackie, a 6-foot junior guard at Princeton Community High, scored 36 points in a 72-44 win over Tippecanoe Valley to become the first Indiana girl to surpass the 1,000-point milestone for a season, and lead the Tigers to their first 3A state title. She averaged 32.4 points and 10.6 rebounds this season and has verbally committed to Notre Dame.



Cameron Thatcher | *Powell, Ohio* | *Diving*

Cameron, a junior at Olentangy Liberty High, broke the state one-meter record by 38.05 points, scoring 650.85 at the CSG Invitational. He also won the Division I state title with a state-meet-record 630.90 points. Last September, Cameron and teammate Jordan Windle were fifth in the three-meter synchronized event at the junior worlds in Penza, Russia.

FACES IN THE CROWD

Edited By ALEXANDRA FENWICK



Carissa Yip | *Andover, Mass.* | *Chess*

Carissa, a sixth-grader at Doherty Middle School, went unbeaten at the Legends of Chess tournament at the Boylston Chess Club in Cambridge to become the youngest U.S. girl [11 years, five months and 18 days] to reach national master status. She defeated master Chris Williams in the last round to push her rating past 2,200.



Michael Lihman | *Rice Lake, Wis.* | *Track and Field*

Lihman, a senior at Wisconsin, won his second straight Big Ten indoor weight throw title with an NCAA record heave of 83' 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". His throw was the second-best ever by an American indoors and ranks No. 3 in the world. The defending Division I collegiate weight throw champ, Lihman was third in the hammer at last year's NCAA outdoor championships.



Sarah Thompson | *Evanston, Ill.* | *Swimming*

Thompson, a senior at Williams, lifted the Ephs to the NESCAC title and was named swimmer of the meet for the second straight year. She won three events: the 200-yard freestyle [1:51.25], the 500 free [4:56.40] and the 1,650 [a conference meet record 16:53.55]. Thompson also led Williams to four relay titles and won the Four-Year High Point Award.

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It's time to look beyond the bowl at [YouTube.com/Wendys](https://www.youtube.com/Wendys).





JUST MY TYPE

→ Interview by **DAN PATRICK**

DAN PATRICK: *Where are you right now?*

RONDA ROUSEY: In bed. I just woke up. If you win a world title, how often would you wake up before eight?

DP: *You only put in 14 seconds of work. Why are you tired?*

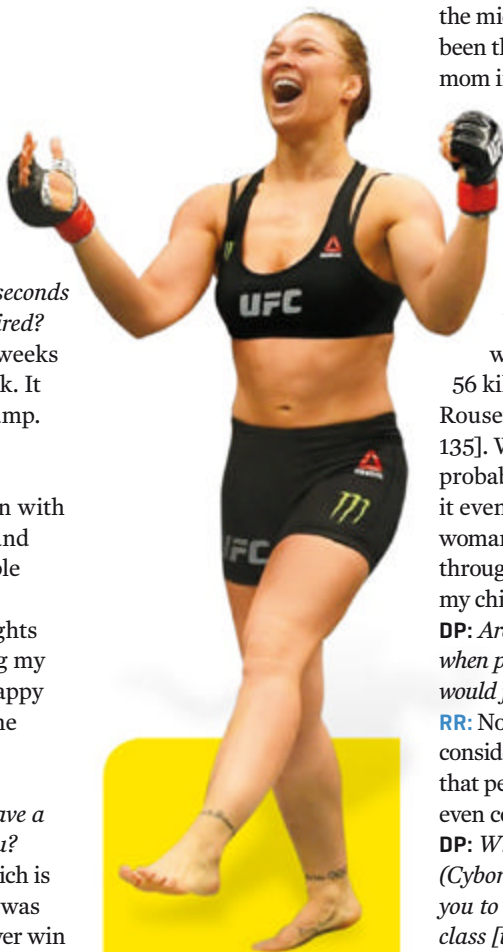
RR: I put in like eight weeks and 14 seconds of work. It was a long training camp.

DP: *Did you want to win in 14 seconds?*

RR: Yeah. I want to win with maximum efficiency and minimum effort. People forget, the shorter the fights are, the more fights I can have. It's making my career longer. I was happy to not let anyone hit me in front of my mother.

DP: *Does your mother, AnnMaria De Mars, have a hard time watching you?*

RR: Yeah, she does. Which is surprising because she was the first American to ever win the world judo championship, back in 1984. She's seen a lot of competition and has seen me do a lot of judo. When I was 11 years old, I broke my big toe and she made me run laps around the mats all night. [When] I tore my ACL, she had me finish practice that day. She was one of those tough-love kind of women. Still, when she sees me do MMA, I've never seen her so worried. It's kind of cute



RONDA ROUSEY

ABOVE THE REST

The UFC bantamweight champ improved to 11-0 by beating Cat Zingano with her signature arm bar in 14 seconds on Feb. 28. Only one of her fights has lasted more than one round.

to see that side of her.

DP: *How would your mother have done in UFC?*

RR: If they had UFC back in the mid-'80s, she would have been the world champ. My mom in her prime would have won the women's 115-pound division.

DP: *Could the Ronda Rousey of today beat your mother in her prime?*

RR: [Laughs.] Yes, but the only reason is weight. She fought at

56 kilos [123 pounds, versus Rousey's fighting weight of 135]. With her tenacity, she probably would have made it even. This is the same woman who attacked me throughout the house during my childhood. She's sneaky.

DP: *Are you offended when people ask if you would fight a man?*

RR: No, not offended. I consider it a compliment that people think I should even consider it.

DP: *What about Cristiane (Cyborg) Justino asking you to come up in weight class [to fight her]?*

RR: It doesn't make sense. Especially since she's already been popped for steroids. It's setting the wrong example, making things easier for somebody who's been making things easier for herself her entire career.

DP: *Are you fun on a date?*

RR: [Laughs.] I guess so. It's hard to say. I can say if I had a good time. I'd say it's hit or miss. □

GUEST SHOTS SAY WHAT?



Curt Schilling explained to me why

he went after the people who made vulgar remarks about his 17-year-old daughter, Gabby, on Twitter last week:

"A lot of people said, 'That's just the way [the Internet] is,' " Schilling said. "That's the way it is if we allow it to be. We don't have to." ... On the 15th anniversary of ESPN's *Mike and*



Mike talk radio show, host **Mike**

Greenberg told me that he never thought radio would be a full-time job. "I had no intention of doing this for a living," Greenberg said. "I came to ESPN to [be on] *SportsCenter*. ... Shows like ours didn't exist." ... Funnyman



Adam Carolla thinks comedians

should have a role in the broadcast booth. "When I watch sports with Jimmy [Kimmel], it's nonstop joking," Carolla said to me. "It's fertile soil for comedy. Why do we have Joe Buck and Troy Aikman?"



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LG G *flex* 2

#VARYSEXY

The Case for . . . Roosevelt Jones

BY PETE THAMEL

BUTLER JUNIOR

Roosevelt Jones is a swingman who can't shoot, a physical player who specializes in teardrops and, despite a stocky 6' 4", 227-pound frame, a man with a flowery nickname: Rosie.

He is also a vital player for one of the nation's most surprising teams. Jones is second on the Bulldogs in points per game (12.9), even though his coaches can't recall him taking a shot outside 15 feet all season. The stats back them up: Less than 2% of Jones's shots this year are jumpers, and of the six he has taken—none from three-point range—he has missed them all.

Jones succeeds because he's energetic and unorthodox. A righty, he drives left 52.1% of the time, relying on a crafty array of floaters, runners and scoops to score near the rim. Sag and rotate as they may, defenders can't stop him. "He's one of the toughest matchups in college basketball in the past 15 years," says Indiana coach Tom Crean, whose team beat Butler 82–73 on Dec. 20. "You know exactly what he's going to do, but he does it anyway."

Jones developed his old-man repertoire playing against old men. His father, Robert, started bringing him to an adult church league in East St. Louis, Ill., starting

at age 10. Jones polished his many release points because he couldn't get traditional shots off against older players. Then, in the summer before ninth grade, he broke his right wrist, and the doctor arranged the cast so that Jones's arm stuck out like a chicken wing—the exact opposite of proper elbow-down jump shot form. "Whenever I shoot now," he says, "my elbow automatically goes out." So Jones just stopped shooting jumpers.

Instead, he became a relentless driver and all-around player. He leads Butler in assists (3.7 per game) and is second in rebounds (5.2). He also typically guards the opposition's best player—regardless of position—devours loose balls and brings an edge. Says Butler coach Chris Holtmann, "He's given

12.9
Points per
game—
Jones's
scoring
average—
is Butler's
second
highest.

3
Three-
pointers
attempted
in his
career, none
this season.

all of our guys a belief in doing things that people wouldn't expect us to do."

No one expected the Bulldogs to be back in the NCAA tournament this year, but Jones's return after missing last season with torn ligaments in his left wrist has helped transform Butler from the second-worst team in the Big East in 2013–14 (14–17, 4–14) to the second best (22–9, 11–6). Butler especially missed Jones in the clutch last year, as it went 2–8 in league games decided by eight points or fewer. "The toughest moment of my life," Jones says, "was not being able to play the game I love or help my team while we lost games."

His roommate, senior forward Kameron Woods, credits Jones's focus and intensity as the missing ingredients in Butler's down season, citing a particularly revealing full moon in the Bronx two years ago, when Jones had his shorts yanked down during a game at Fordham. "He was so locked into the next possession," Woods says, "his bare butt was sticking out in the middle of the game, and he had no idea."

As the ultimate transition player—his Butler career has spanned three leagues (Horizon, Atlantic 10 and Big East) and three coaches (Brad Stevens, Brandon Miller and Holtmann)—Jones is always looking to finish with style. With the score tied in the waning seconds at Creighton on Feb. 16, Butler spread the floor and Jones drove to the hoop for—what else?—a game-winning floater that kissed off the glass. If Butler finds itself in a similar spot in the NCAAs, expect the shooter to be the guy who can't shoot. □



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SI SWIMSUIT #NAKEDFACED



DURING SI SWIMSUIT launch week Sports Illustrated challenged consumers at the SwimCity and SwimVille fan festival activations in New York City and Nashville to get #NakedFaced with a trip through the Schick Hydro Barbershop. SI Swimsuit models and professional barbers offered up the ultimate shaving experience, while the 2015 Swimsuit franchise came to life around them with photography, model interviews, autograph sessions and more. Thousands of guests received complementary Schick Hydro 5 razors for their personal shaving needs.



CHANEL IMAN GREETES MEMBERS OF THE NASHVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT AS THEY VISIT THE BARBERSHOP (TOP). SWIMSUIT MODELS **KELLY ROHRBACH** (ABOVE) AND **SAMANTHA HOOPES** (BOTTOM) HELP HIRSUTE SWIM FANS WITH THEIR SHAVES. IMAN HELPS A FAN GET HIS GROOM ON (LEFT).



PHOTOS BY: MICHAEL KELLY, SAMANTHA YOUNG-SY AND YEE ASSAO



NCAA TOURNAMENT PREVIEW / *Part 1*



**ARMED AND
HAMMERED**

Aaron Harrison's hot hand keyed the Wildcats' run in 2014, so he's likely to find the going tougher this time around.

Photograph by
Chris Keane
For Sports Illustrated

VIRGINIA

WISCONSIN

DUKE

NORTHERN IOWA

ARIZONA

WHO CAN CLIP THE CATS

Kentucky rolled through the regular season unbeaten, but not without revealing a few critical weaknesses. SI identified five teams with the tools to exploit those vulnerabilities and become the ultimate spoiler

BY DAN GREENE



PERHAPS THIS exercise will look silly a month from now in Indianapolis, when the streamers are shooting from the rafters at Lucas Oil Stadium and the pack of prodigies from Kentucky are lording over college basketball for the second time in four years. Then they will have put an end to the topics that have dominated the 2014–15 season: How great are these Wildcats, and can they become the first team since Indiana

in 1975–76 to go undefeated? So tired of the how-to-beat-Kentucky conversation is coach John Calipari that when it was raised by Louisville's *Courier-Journal* last month, he verged on dismissive. "Who knows what it's going to take?" Calipari said. "If we get dinged, then you'll know what it takes. You'll look at that team and say, 'They did it, and here's what they did.'"

But until Cal is brushing confetti from his coif in Indianapolis, the question remains: Will anyone top these Cats? No team is a match for their size, with four regulars standing at least 6' 10" and twin 6' 6" starting guards, all of them gifted and mobile. Their defensive prowess and apparent chemistry, especially with so many blue-chippers sharing minutes, makes coaches marvel at their dedication and cohesiveness. And yet, even though Kentucky completed its 31–0 run through the regular season with a 67–50 win over Florida last Saturday, there have been hints on how to deliver the upset of the century.

Ivy League also-ran Columbia, which hasn't beaten a ranked team since the Ford Administration, took a two-point lead into halftime in December by slowing the game to a crawl, clogging the lane to neutralize the Cats' strength inside and forcing lower-percentage jumpers. On Jan. 6, in a game that went to overtime, Ole Miss shot 9 for 17 from beyond the three-point arc and flummoxed Kentucky with a 2–3 zone, a defense against which Cal's crew has proved merely adequate. Four days later Texas A&M extended the Cats for two extra periods by displacing their bigs with ball screens and packing the middle so aggressively that all five Aggies defenders often had a foot in the paint. That these teams provided scares without having the talent of LSU or Florida—both of whom also nipped at Kentucky's heels—suggests, if not vulnerability, then at least the possibility of it, which might give one lucky opponent just the right tools to pull off a seismic shocker. "Enough teams have taken them to the edge that you know it's possible," says Texas assistant Rob Lanier, whose Longhorns lost 63–51 to Kentucky on Dec. 5.

Maybe that team will be adept at offensive rebounding, exploiting the Wildcats' mediocrity on the defensive glass. (Their affinity for shot blocking can hinder box-outs.) Or maybe it will swarm that

GOING TO TOWNS

The forward had 13 points and nine boards in the perfect-season-clinching win over Florida.



No team can match the Wildcats' size, with four regulars standing at least 6' 10", all of them gifted and mobile. But "enough teams have taken them to the edge that you know it's possible," says a Texas assistant.

quartet of bigs—Willie Cauley-Stein, Dakari Johnson, Trey Lyles and Karl-Anthony Towns—on defense and draw them away from their rim-protecting duty on offense. Or maybe it will be a team that has a hot hand from three, piling up points at a rate Kentucky can't match. But, as Cal told *The Courier-Journal*, "I think everybody's tried all that stuff."

Not so fast. SI, after consulting with coaches around the country, has identified the five teams that have what it takes to strike that historic ding. Perfect is still a long way off.

Win probabilities for beating Kentucky on a neutral court calculated by thepowerrank.com

Virginia Cavaliers

LOW AND SLOW

WIN PROBABILITY **31.3%**



FOR ALL the praise that Kentucky's smothering, towering defense receives, another team has been just as stingy, as measured by kenpom.com's adjusted efficiency metric.

Combined with the Cavaliers' slow pace—their games average just 58.2 possessions, third lowest in the country through Sunday—this team has produced staggering numbers: Six of Virginia's opponents have failed to clear the 40-point mark, and 14 have scored less than 50.

Yet it's not just how well Virginia defends but *how* it defends that would bode well. Columbia (yes, *that* Columbia) played the Wildcats close and Texas A&M took them to double overtime by stuffing the lane with defenders and forcing them to make shots over the top. They couldn't, going a combined 11 for 45 (24.4%) from behind the arc in those two games. But the Lions and the Aggies play off-brand versions of the Pack-Line; Virginia runs it to perfection. In this defense—developed by Dick Bennett at Wisconsin–Green Bay in the early 1990s, now mastered by his son, Tony, in Charlottesville—four Cavaliers remain inside an imaginary 16-foot arc while the fifth pressures the ballhandler, and the packers, such as 6' 8" forward Darion Atkins and 6' 6" wing Justin Anderson (provided he recovers from an appendectomy performed last Thursday), clog lanes and defend the ball on drives. Post touches and penetrations are hard-earned, leading to drawn-out, grinding possessions in which flustered opponents often settle for undesirable jumpers with a defender's hand in the way. Virginia holds opponents to an effective field goal percentage of 41.2, third best in the nation. "They can break you with their defense," Columbia coach Kyle Smith says of the Cavaliers. "I just think the Kentucky guys' heads might start spinning a little bit."

Offensively, Virginia's deliberate Blocker-Mover motion system is hard to predict because the movers (the primary scoring threats) are so skilled at reading the screens set by the blockers and adjusting to get clean looks at the hoop. The Cavs rarely turn the ball over, and a majority of their points—57.5%—are scored inside the arc. Plus, they are meticulous: An average possession takes 21.1 seconds (ninth longest in the nation). That can spin heads too.



Clockwise from left:
Malcolm Brogdon
Justin Anderson
London Perrantes

TELLING NUMBERS

0.80

Opponents' points per possession in transition; that's in the 99th percentile nationally.

15.8

Offensive rebounding percentage for Gill, which is ninth best in the country.

1

ACC school–UVA—that has ever won 16 or more league games in consecutive seasons.

HOW IT HAPPENS

Virginia enters the NCAA title game as huge underdog despite being a No. 1 seed. Sophomore point guard London Perrantes sets a plodding pace, preventing the Wildcats from getting into rhythm. Kentucky's bigs struggle to get the ball on the blocks, and junior forwards Anthony Gill (6' 8", 230 pounds) and Mike Tobey (7 feet, 253) maintain position when it does get there. Wildcats guards Aaron and Andrew Harrison clank one contested jumper after another, appearing more rattled with every miss. Meanwhile, Anderson and shooting guard Malcolm Brogdon find room for just enough offense to win without breaking 60.



BRACKETOLOGISTS HAVE been bemoaning the prospect for weeks: Even if Wisconsin ends up as the selection committee's highest No. 2 seed (an increasingly realistic possibility), the emphasis on geography over balance may mean that the Badgers will be placed in the Midwest, along with Kentucky. But an Elite Eight showdown between those teams would be just as unappealing for the No. 1 seed.

Consider Wisconsin's strengths. No team takes better care of the ball than Bo Ryan's; according to kenpom.com, UW leads the nation with a 12.6% offensive turnover rate. By limiting mistakes, the Badgers would be able not only to starve Kentucky's lethal transition offense but also to maximize the number of possessions in which their versatile Swing offense gets off a shot. If the Wildcats' defenders are slow or miscommunicate on their frequent switches—almost every Wisconsin player can shoot a three—7-foot player of the year front-runner Frank (the Tank) Kaminsky can kill them on pick-and-pops. Or, should he draw the attention of multiple defenders, Kaminsky can create looks for point guard Bronson Koenig or forward Sam Dekker, both strong scorers off screens. The 6' 4" Koenig, Wisconsin's starting point guard since Traevon Jackson broke his right foot on Jan. 11, has been a revelation in full-time duty; his turnover percentage (12.1) ranked second in the Big Ten among point guards at week's end. (Four other Badgers were in the conference's top 20 as well.) Koenig has also made 45.0% of his threes as a starter, helping him fit in seamlessly with the rest of Wisconsin's shooters. (All five starters shoot at least 32.0% from behind the arc.)

Chief among that group is Kaminsky, who averages 18.4 points and 8.1 boards while making 41.0% of his threes. The Tank could be the ultimate anti-Kentucky weapon, a quality post defender with enough size and strength to hang with the Wildcats' bigs under the boards and with the shooting touch to spread them out on offense, helping to free the paint (somewhat) from Kentucky's ferocious shot blockers.

TELLING NUMBERS

5.7

Percentage of Wisconsin's two-point shot attempts that are blocked, lowest in the country.

79.1

Height, in inches, of the average player on the Badgers' roster. Only Kentucky (79.3") is taller.

4

Badgers starters who rank in the top 125 nationally in offensive efficiency on kenpom.com.

HOW IT HAPPENS

In the Midwest Regional final in Cleveland on March 28, Wisconsin controls the pace by avoiding live-ball turnovers and working its continuity-based attack deep into the shot clock, probing for higher-quality looks than most Kentucky opponents have been able to muster. Kaminsky scores from inside and out while helping to create opportunities for his teammates to knock down three-pointers, and for once the Wildcats can't come up with crucial plays down the stretch. A year after Aaron Harrison bounced Bucky from the Final Four with a late trey, fifth-year senior Josh Gasser repays the favor.



Clockwise from far left: Sam Dekker, Josh Gasser, Frank Kaminsky

Wisconsin *Badgers***NO MISTAKES**

WIN PROBABILITY 26.9%

Duke *Blue Devils*

DANGER ZONE

WIN PROBABILITY 29.7%



ON JAN. 17, against that other Bluegrass blueblood, Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski played a wild card. Coming off consecutive losses, and with his Blue Devils practically powerless to protect the paint, Coach K—disciple of Bob Knight, rider of pressure man-to-man to the top of college basketball's alltime wins list—deployed a 2–3 zone for most of a 63–52 win over Louisville. The Cardinals scored just six points inside in the first half and went 4 for 25 from behind the arc for the game. This unexpected wrinkle has since become a staple of Duke's D and could be crucial in determining the outcome of a game against Kentucky.

The Blue Devils' backcourt of 6' 1" freshman Tyus Jones and 6' 2" senior Quinn Cook has struggled at times to contain guards who attack off the dribble, a vulnerability that could prove fatal against the 6' 6" Harrison twins, Aaron and Andrew. A zone that moves Duke's point of pickup closer to the top of the key would help halt penetration and force the Wildcats to rely more on their notoriously fickle jump shooting. With freshman center Jahlil Okafor, a vulnerable interior defender, having to confront Kentucky's monstrous talent and depth in the post, any scheme that shifts the battle away from the basket would benefit the pedestrian Duke D (65th nationally, at week's end, in adjusted efficiency).

It's on offense that the Blue Devils make their case as potential Cats tamers. In Okafor, Duke has a singular post scorer who has size (6' 11", 270 pounds) as well as a polished array of shot fakes and post moves that could cause trouble even for Kentucky's swat team. (With 215 blocks the Wildcats rank second nationally.) Should coach John Calipari double up on him, Okafor (44 assists) has proved to be a nifty and confident passer, an important weapon with Cook, Jones and 6' 6" freshman forward Justise Winslow waiting on the perimeter. (The trio shoots a combined 40.1% from three). Rare is the team that can even approach Kentucky in talent and make its defense work both inside and out. Duke, with eight McDonald's All-Americans of its own and a host of strong scorers, fits the bill.



Clockwise from left:
Tyus Jones
Jahlil Okafor
Quinn Cook

TELLING NUMBERS

1

NCAA team with three freshmen who average more than 10 points per game. Duke's trio combines for 41.6.

2.8

Three-pointers made per game by Cook, who leads the ACC. He hits 40.4% of his treys, which ranks fifth.

66.8

Field goal percentage for Okafor, which leads the ACC and ranks second nationally.

HOW IT HAPPENS

Okafor works down low for a few early buckets, drawing the attention of Kentucky's defense inward so that Duke's shooters have room to get hot and open up a first-half lead. As the Wildcats apply pressure to try to catch up, Jones and Cook coolly navigate the full-court D and find Winslow and Jefferson for lead-preserving buckets. Down the stretch Karl-Anthony Towns muscles his way toward the basket, but so does Okafor. It's the Blue Devils' freshman who ultimately wins the battle between the college game's two best pro post prospects, allowing Krzyzewski to lift his fifth national championship trophy.

Northern Iowa *Panthers*

PRIDE OF PACE

WIN PROBABILITY **8.5%**

Clockwise from far left:
Wes Washpun
Nate Buss
Seth Tuttle



THERE IS controlling tempo; then there is all but strangling it. Northern Iowa has done the latter with remarkable success this season. The Panthers' average

of 57.4 possessions at week's end ranked 350th—second to last—in Division I. They spend 87.9% of their offensive possessions and 90.2% of their defensive possessions in the half-court, per Synergy Sports data. And here they are, slow-playing their way to a 30–3 record through Sunday and a likely No. 4 seed in the Big Dance.

Northern Iowa insists that opponents do things the hard way. For those that aren't comfortable patiently searching for a good shot—like, say, Kentucky, whose average time of possession is 17.6 seconds—the nights grow long against coach Ben Jacobson's crew. The Wildcats score 23.1% of their points off the fast break, but the Panthers' modified Pack-Line surrenders precious few transition looks. On offense Northern Iowa happily grinds away, which mostly means swinging the ball until it finds point-forward Seth Tuttle, then letting him work. The 6' 7", 240-pound senior leads the team in scoring (15.3), rebounding (6.8) and assists (3.3). He uses 30.1% of Northern Iowa's possessions and gets a touch on nearly every offensive trip. This inside-out style can be difficult for teams to adjust to, especially because the savvy Tuttle is one of the most efficient players in the country, ranking right with stars such as Duke's Jahlil Okafor, Gonzaga's Kyle Wiltjer and Utah's Delon Wright.

When defenses do collapse on Tuttle the Panthers have an underrated weapon in 6' 9" senior Nate Buss, who has lofted more threes (91) than twos (90) and has a per-40-minute scoring rate of 17.4 points, second only to Tuttle's 20.4. It's true that the Panthers rely on one player more than any other ranked team, which can make them highly vulnerable when their mainstay struggles. But Tuttle, a rare big man who can direct his team's offense, will prove difficult for Kentucky's big men to figure out.

—Brian Hamilton

TELLING NUMBERS

5

Panthers who shoot 40% or better from behind the arc; seven shoot 37.9% or better.

1.05

Points per possession in spot-up situations, which ranks in the 89th percentile nationally.

64.8

Effective field goal percentage (which gives extra weight to threes) for Tuttle, 10th in the country.

HOW IT HAPPENS

In this Sweet 16 matchup at Quicken Loans Arena in Cleveland, the Panthers stifle the pace and hold their own on the glass despite having no rotation players taller than 6' 9". Buss and Wes Washpun connect on a string of threes to open up a slim second-half lead. Every possession then becomes life or death—stakes that are much more comfortable for Northern Iowa—and brackets go bust throughout the land.



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Arizona *Wildcats*

BOARD GAME

WIN PROBABILITY **33.4%**



SINCE ARRIVING in Tucson in April 2009, coach Sean Miller has attracted elite talent: According to Rivals.com, his last five recruiting classes have included 15 four- or five-star prospects. The last two seasons the Wildcats have not only become consistent title contenders but have also ranked in the top 20 in both offensive *and* defensive efficiency. They've been especially strong on D; a year ago Arizona finished No. 1 nationally in adjusted defensive efficiency, allowing 88.5 points per 100 possessions. The results are even better this season: 86.9 points at week's end, third to only Virginia and Kentucky.

The Wildcats' goal is to take away the fast break and force teams to run their sets. According to Synergy Sports data, 88.8% of the Wildcats' defensive possessions are spent in the half-court, which takes maximum advantage of Arizona's abundant athleticism and length. The pressure begins on the wings with 6' 7" freshman Stanley Johnson and spills into a frontcourt that features 6' 7" sophomore Rondae Hollis-Jefferson, 6' 9" junior Brandon Ashley and 7-foot junior Kaleb Tarczewski. This makes Arizona one of the few teams that can compete with Kentucky under the basket. And don't forget about senior point guard T.J. McConnell, a classic pest who gets a steal on 4.2% of his defensive possessions.

If the Wildcats are less polished at the offensive end, they are still very efficient—11th in the country with 116.0 points per 100 possessions—and diversified. Johnson, the team's leading scorer at 13.9 points per game, is a slasher with enough range (35.3% from three) to make the defense respect him on the perimeter. At 245 pounds, the Stanimal has the speed and the size to challenge Kentucky's bigs, and he doesn't take many bad shots. Ashley is a reliable option on the blocks (.932 points per post-up, good for the 78th percentile nationally) and has a silky midrange jumper. Off the bench, 6' 3" junior Gabe York isn't a premier marksman (38.5%), but defenses must be aware of his ability to stretch the floor. Having so many offensive weapons gives Arizona the best chance of any team to emerge as the top Cats in this matchup. —B.H.



Clockwise from left:
Brandon Ashley
Rondae Hollis-Jefferson
Stanley Johnson

TELLING NUMBERS

39.7

Percentage of field goals assisted by McConnell when he's on the floor, fifth in the nation.

11.2

Points averaged by Tarczewski since Feb. 1, which is up from 8.6 the rest of the season.

22.6

Percentage of available offensive boards grabbed by the Cats' opponents, lowest nationally.

HOW IT HAPPENS

REBOUNDING—a strength all season for the Wildcats—is underlined by the coaching staff on the locker room whiteboard before the national semifinal game in Lucas Oil Stadium. Tarczewski, Johnson and Ashley take the message to heart and dominate the glass, which limits easy putbacks and transition chances for Kentucky, and forces the other pack of Wildcats to grind out possessions against Arizona's front line. Johnson and York have hot hands from the outside, and McConnell comes up with crucial steals late in the game to deny Kentucky a third title shot in four years.

JOHN W. McDONOUGH/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ASHLEY); JACOB FUNK/AND L PHOTOGRAPHY/GETTY IMAGES (HOLLIS-JEFFERSON); GREG NELSON FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (JOHNSON)



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Fr



+ MLB

Toronto is so confident in Russell Martin that it gave the catcher the largest free-agent deal in team history. How can this son of Montreal return the favor? By making the Blue Jays Canada's team

Claim to fame

BY ALBERT CHEN

IN THE ZONE

An elite receiver like Martin can nab borderline strike calls for his pitchers—a small edge that can add up to wins over the course of a season.

Photographs by **AI Tielemans**
For Sports Illustrated



A SIMPLE QUESTION: What makes a great catcher? He sinks into his squat, and if he's good at his job, he disappears. He is, over nine innings, at once analytical and improvisational, immovable and agile, calm and alert. Between the game-calling and the summits with the pitcher on the mound and the umpire give-and-take, the catcher slips in and out of more roles—strategist, psychic, cheerleader, therapist, negotiator—than a *Saturday Night Live* cast member. He receives, he throws and, of course, he hits. What is the *value* of a great catcher? That has always been a more complicated question.

Russell Martin is 32 years old, an age when most catchers, beaten down by the physical toll of the position, are crumbling. But Martin, now entering his 10th major league season—and first with the Blue Jays—at the game's most demanding position, is at the height of his powers. He is coming off the finest offensive season of his career, and he has never been more in command of his craft. Since breaking into the big leagues with the Dodgers in 2006, Martin has always been skilled with his glove and arm. Late in his career he has become one of the best in the game in the art of pitch framing, a master illusionist at turning balls into strikes (*sidebar, page 53*). Behind the plate Martin emanates a serene authority. "Ask any of our pitchers, and every single one will tell you he was our pillar, the epitome of cool," says Pirates skipper Clint Hurdle, who managed Martin for the last two seasons in Pittsburgh. It wasn't an act: Last season Martin wore a device on his chest—a "physiological monitoring module"—that measured, among other things, his vital signs. There were games when Martin's average heart rate registered below 50 beats per minute, not far from the resting rate of a world-class marathoner.

Not long ago a player with Martin's gifts might have been overlooked and underappreciated. The value of a great catcher has long been somewhat mysterious, his skills difficult to quantify, but new analytics allow us to measure how well catchers steal strikes, hold base runners on and contribute to wins and losses. As one of the off-season's most compelling bidding wars played out, we got confirmation that the all-around catcher has, at

last, gotten his due: Martin—a career .259 hitter who had more than 20 home runs only once over his nine seasons with the Dodgers, Yankees and Pirates—attracted a long line of suitors. After receiving lucrative offers from the Dodgers and the Cubs, he signed a five-year, \$82 million deal with Toronto, the largest free-agent deal in Blue Jays history.

Martin pulled for the Blue Jays as a boy, but growing up in Montreal, he was a die-hard Expos fan. On the wall of his bedroom in high school, in 1999, he taped up an artist's rendering of the Expos' proposed downtown ballpark as the threat of the franchise's shuttering loomed. "I was like, It's going to be so awesome—I'm going to play here!" he says. Martin was indeed drafted by the Expos out of high school in 2000, but because he slid all the way to the 35th round, he headed to Chipola College in Florida instead. Within five years, as Martin was becoming a young star in the Dodgers' organization, the Expos were gone, reborn as the Nationals in Washington, D.C. "My buddy and I used to joke," he says, referring to longtime friend Ivan Naccarata, a former Mets



HOME BASE

Jays fans are ready to embrace Martin, who hits for some power and has made pregame soccer part of his fitness regimen (far right).



prospect, "if we had signed with the Expos, we could have saved baseball in Montreal."

Now he is here, in Blue Jays camp in Dunedin, Fla., the face of Canada's surviving major league franchise, the man brought in to help mold a young and talented pitching staff and power what has the potential to be one of the game's best offenses, and end the longest playoff drought in baseball.

A photograph of Nick Lachey, a man with short brown hair, wearing a black blazer over a red V-neck shirt and blue jeans. He is holding a Twix Peanut Butter Left Twix bar in his right hand.

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— NICK LACHEY

A close-up photograph of a Twix Peanut Butter Left Twix bar, showing the chocolate coating and the peanut butter filling.

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T HIS IS kind of top secret here. It's not something they want us to talk about." Martin is sitting on a bench outside the clubhouse in Dunedin, talking (or trying not to talk) about the devices that some Blue Jays players are wearing for the first time this spring: small pieces of hardware on their backs under their jerseys, just below their necks. Every team in baseball is looking for an edge, and tracking devices are cropping up within the more cutting-edge organizations. The Jays' new toy is clearly something Martin is very interested in. "I'd be stupid not to use it, after what I did last year," he says. Last season the Pirates began experimenting with the similar Zephyr BioHarness, which records a player's movements and vital signs while clipped to a compression shirt under the jersey, in the center of the chest. Martin was one of the few Pittsburgh players who embraced it early in spring training, wearing it every day during the 2014 season. The device tracked his heartbeat throughout each game, as well as how many calories he was burning.

Martin learned that the amount of energy he expended varied wildly from game to game. Catch-

*"He was
our pillar,
THE
EPITOME
OF COOL,"
says the
Pirates'
Hurdle.*



ing is a grueling activity, but "squatting, you're just really sitting there, not burning any calories," says Martin. On days he caught a high-maintenance sinkerballer like Francisco Liriano, with his scud missile pitches that dart and dive into the dirt, he could burn 3,000 or more calories. With an efficient, one-pitch hurler on the mound, he might burn just 800 calories in a three-hour game. "In the past I'd be like, I can eat whatever I want because I'm in a game, but it's not really the case," he says.

Martin took this information and used it to calibrate his diet and workouts. After an arduous day he permitted himself a postgame pizza; on less strenuous days it was a light dinner. He cut down on gluten and led soccer matches with his Pirates teammates in the outfield before games. In the past he would typically put on up to 15 pounds over the course of a season, but his weight last year never fluctuated outside of 204–208 pounds. Martin had his finest all-around season, with a career-high .402 on base percentage, and his highest batting average (.290) and slugging percentage (.430)

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— NICK LACHEY





since 2007. Of all catchers with at least 100 games played, he ranked second only to Yadier Molina in caught-stealing percentage (with 38.5%) and ranked eighth in baseball in strikes gained for his pitchers (110.9, according to *Baseball Prospectus*). And when the season was over, “I was waiting to hit the wall I always feel,” he says, “but I didn’t.” Less than a week after the season had ended, Martin was back working out in the gym.

ONE OF the most important free-agent pitches in Blue Jays history took place over coffee and croissants, at a French patisserie in the city of Laval, just north of Montreal. It was an early November morning, and team president Paul Beeston and general manager Alex Anthopoulos had come from Toronto to make their hard sell. They knew what they were up against: The Dodgers and the Cubs, Martin’s most aggressive suitors, had virtually unlimited coffers and, as tradition-rich franchises, each had a powerful story to sell. Anthopoulos, however, believed that the Blue Jays offered a more powerful narrative: Canadian kid returns home with a chance to bring baseball glory back to his country. When Martin had phoned in for a conference call a few days earlier, Anthopoulos, a fellow Montreal native, had blared “O Canada” from his phone before anyone even spoke.

“You have a chance to inspire a generation of Canadians,” Anthopoulos said to Martin. After a one-hour meeting the three were stepping out of the café just as an elderly couple entered. The wife stopped cold. “*C’est toi!*” she bellowed, and then leaned in for a hug. Martin and Anthopoulos speak fluent French, but Beeston doesn’t, and so the GM translated what the husband said next: “Hopefully you’ll be a Blue Jay next year.” Said Beeston later, “I wish I were smart enough to have planned that.”

Dainty septuagenarian French-Canadian couples are a nice touch, but there’s an even more persuasive negotiating tool: an additional year on a proposed contract. While the Cubs and the Dodgers were offering four-year deals in the neighborhood of \$70 million to \$75 million, the Blue Jays added a fifth year, an unprecedented move for a mid-market organization that’s generally opposed to long-term free-agent deals. Given inflation and a catching market in which a 37-year-old A.J. Pierzynski received an \$8.25 million, one-year deal last



Anthopoulos BLARED “O CANADA” FROM HIS PHONE before anyone could speak.



LOADING UP
MVP candidate Donaldson (above) joins an already fearsome lineup; the Jays think Martin (top) will help them prevent runs as easily as they score them.

season from the Red Sox, the money was not only reasonable; for an 83-win team desperate for the extra handful of wins necessary to reach its first postseason since 1993, it was a no-brainer.

The Blue Jays, in short, hope Martin can do what he did for the Pirates, who were a punching bag when they signed him to a two-year, \$17 million deal—then the largest free-agent signing in Pittsburgh’s history—after the 2012 season. Martin was an unheralded star of a team that ended a 20-year playoff drought and advanced to the postseason in two straight seasons. “He was a calm, confident leader,” says Pirates’ reliever Jared Hughes. “As a pitcher, the most important thing is to believe in your catcher’s game-calling, even though it may not be the right pitch all the time. Because of his experience and demeanor, you *always* believed in his game-calling.” Says Hurdle, “Andrew McCutchen is the star, but Russell Martin, with just everything he brought to the table, was just as important to this ball club.” Last year McCutchen, who finished first and third in NL MVP voting in 2013 and ’14, respectively, led the team with a 6.4 WAR, with Martin close behind at 5.5—and that doesn’t fully factor in Martin’s pitch framing or game-calling.

“The way we saw it, this is a guy who can make 12 guys on our roster, the bullpen and starters, better—and we also have a wave of young starters,” says Anthopoulos of a group that includes Drew Hutchison, Marcus Stroman, Aaron Sanchez and Daniel Norris. “He’s going to be around for all of them.”

Anthopoulos emphasizes that Martin’s being a Canadian was only the cherry on top of the

KINGS OF THE STOLEN STRIKE

Pitchers need every call they can get, and some receivers are more skilled at getting them than others



CATCHERS WHO EXCEL at pitch framing—the art of receiving a pitch in such a way that it's more likely to be called a strike—possess a valuable talent, one that doesn't appear in the box score and hasn't been fully accounted for by Wins Above Replacement. But with the proliferation of pitch-tracking data, front offices and analysts have been able to better quantify which catchers make sure pitchers get all the strike calls they deserve . . . and some that they don't. Now the best framers are more coveted than ever, and their skills appropriately priced in the market. It's been estimated that an elite framer yields up to seven more strikes a game than a poor one; over the course of a season, that can add up to extra wins. Here are the catchers who, over the last five years, were the best at framing, as measured by *Baseball Prospectus's* Extra Strikes metric.



1. JONATHAN LUCROY, BREWERS, 1,047 extra strikes

Last year Milwaukee's 28-year-old backstop finally received the love he's long deserved, finishing fourth in NL MVP voting—clear recognition of his elite skills behind the plate.



2. JOSE MOLINA, FREE AGENT, 686

During his three seasons in Tampa Bay, Molina was the secret weapon for the Rays' pitching staff; the team valued him enough to make him their primary catcher at age 36, even as his hitting skills declined. Now 39, he's on the shelf indefinitely after undergoing off-season knee surgery.



3. RUSSELL MARTIN, BLUE JAYS, 672

Martin had the best offensive season of his career in 2014, but an even bigger reason he was so hotly pursued in the free-agent market is his framing ability.



4. BRIAN MCCANN, YANKEES, 658

The Yankees' \$85 million catcher struggled at the plate in his first season in the Bronx, but McCann—though he didn't rate as the elite framer he was in Atlanta—still made a positive impact on New York's pitching staff.



5. YADIER MOLINA, CARDINALS, 557

Baseball's best all-around defensive catcher is known for his game-calling and cannon arm, but Jose's younger brother is also one of the best at pilfering strikes.

—A.C.

signing: "From a baseball standpoint, it was completely irrelevant." Still, a franchise that in recent years has positioned itself as Canada's Team now has a local hero to promote. Every Jays game is now broadcast from Nova Scotia to Vancouver. Toronto is a sleeping giant: Over the last decade the team has generally ranked in the bottom half in MLB attendance, but during the early 1990s—when the Jays dominated the AL East—they became the first major league team to surpass the four million mark in attendance, and did so for three straight years.

Martin isn't even the best player the Blue Jays added this winter—third baseman Josh Donaldson, acquired in a November trade from Oakland, has been an MVP candidate the last two years—and the lineup was already headlined by star sluggers Jose Bautista and Edwin Encarnacion. But Martin, a three-time All-Star himself, is the most high-profile Canadian player the team has ever had. "I think there's a very good chance that years from now we're going to have [Canadian] kids wanting to play the catcher position," says Anthopoulos, "and we'll hear kids say, 'I grew up idolizing Russell Martin.'"

The Blue Jays made Martin the third-highest-paid catcher in the game, behind the Giants' Buster Posey and the Yankees' Brian McCann. The contract affirmed that Toronto is all in on 2015. Its biggest stars are nearing the end of their primes—Bautista, Encarnacion, shortstop Jose Reyes and their highest-paid pitchers, R.A. Dickey and Mark Buerhle, are all over 30. There may not be a team with more at stake, and there's no fan base more starved for baseball in October—Jays fans' last postseason memory is Joe Carter rounding the bases after his championship-clinching home run in Game 6 of the 1993 World Series.

The reach of the Blue Jays didn't hit Martin until he joined a team caravan to Vancouver in January and saw the long lines of fans wearing Jays jerseys and T-shirts paying tribute to Carter, Robbie Alomar and Jack Morris. "You have Cubs and Yankees fans everywhere, but it kind of struck me that it's not the same," says Martin. "Since the Expos left, you're talking about an entire country rallying around one team. I didn't realize how vast the fan base has become."

The next chapter of Martin's career became something larger than leading a talented but inexperienced pitching staff. It was only after all the messages flickered on his phone through the winter, the selfies of old friends from Montreal wearing Jays hats, and after meeting all those hungry fans across Canada that he got it: He was back home now, with a bigger job to do than he'd imagined. □

HOCKEY

The

THE RED WINGS HAVE THE LONGEST PLAYOFF STREAK IN SPORTS, 23 YEARS AND COUNTING. THE TALENT BEHIND THAT RUN? MUCH OF IT WAS FOUND BY HÅKAN ANDERSSON, A FISHING GUIDE TURNED SCOUT WHO RELENTLESSLY TROLLS EUROPE FOR THE NHL'S NEXT BIG ONE
BY MICHAEL FARBER



AT FOUR O'CLOCK on the Friday before the winter solstice, in the gathering gloom of the 58th parallel, Frölundaborgs Isstadion, an arena that holds 7,527 in a Swedish suburb of Göteborg, is filled with little more than 55 spectators and the unmistakable musk of moldering hockey equipment bags. Fifty-four of those people are hockey civilians, awaiting the start of a Junior B tournament game between Västerås and a team from Norway. The 55th is Håkan Andersson, the chief European scout of the Red Wings, who settles into a deserted section between the red line and one of the blue lines. At hand are the three things he finds indispensable in his line of work: a roster, a pen and a paper cup of steeping Earl Grey tea.

Five days earlier, on Sunday, Andersson had flown from his home in Stockholm to Venice. The following morning he had driven 75 miles northwest to Asiago, in the foothills of the Italian Alps, for the second-tier under-20 world championship, where he and 20 or so other NHL scouts saw three games contested by teams from lesser European hockey nations (Norway vs. Austria, Latvia vs. Slovenia and Belarus vs. Italy). Andersson returned home on Tuesday, took



SEEKER



Photograph by
Pascal Vossen
For Sports Illustrated

ICE TIME

One of Andersson's stops in December was in Göteborg, Sweden, where he took notes during a game—one of the 200 or so he attends every season—in a Junior B tournament.

Wednesday and Thursday off, and now had driven five hours across the country to catch a modest four-team tournament. Andersson has been in the epiphany business for nearly 25 years; his roads to Damascus are the autoroutes and tarmacs of Europe. From October through early April every year, he typically will drive 20,000 miles in Sweden and take 65 flights in Europe, hopscotching the Continent. He attends some 200 games each season, distilling about 12,000 minutes of earnest if inelegant hockey to the handful of meaningful seconds in which an ineluctable truth about a player emerges, when a teenage boy reveals himself and, perhaps, foretells his future as a man.

There is an exacting toll to the scouting life—cold rinks, rank air, time away from family (Andersson and his wife, Veronica Pihl, have a nine-year-old son, Philip)—but if you have instincts and contacts and luck and a stable organization with a sustainable hockey philosophy, the payoff can be considerable. Andersson is solely responsible for finding Pavel Datsyuk, Johan Franzén, Niklas Kronwall, Gustav Nyquist and Jonathan Ericsson, and had the lead role in identifying Henrik Zetterberg, the players who form the core of the current team that has extended Detroit's playoff streak to 23 seasons. (The Red Wings, currently third in the Atlantic Division, are likely to reach their 24th consecutive postseason this spring.) Simply, Andersson does his job as well as anyone in sports. "Håkan is an unsung hero, an MVP for us," general manager Ken Holland says. "His fingerprints are on a big part of our team."

In the second game at the Göteborg tournament—host Frölunda plays Linköping—Andersson will focus on Jacob Larsson, a silky 17-year-old defenseman for the local team. Andersson, who serves on the Frölunda board of directors, knows Larsson well. So does the industry; last month, he was fifth among non-North American skaters in the pre-draft rankings of NHL Central Scouting. Andersson has scored big with a first-rounder before. In 2000 he helped convince Detroit to take the then undersized Kronwall (the defenseman has filled out to 6 feet and 194 pounds) with the 29th pick. But Andersson has made his reputation mucking in the murky corners, seeing something that other scouts don't—or can't. With the final pick of the '02 draft he found Ericsson, a converted forward who plays on the Red Wings' top defense pair with Kronwall. At one point Detroit was icing an all-Håkan line of Datsyuk (171st in 1998) at center and Zetterberg (210th in '99) and the now retired Tomas Holmström (257th in '94) on the wings.

The NHL is dotted with late-round gems, including Rangers goalie Henrik Lundqvist (picked in the seventh round in 2000), a Frölunda product who never played particularly well when Andersson saw him. If the scout has a stain on his résumé, it is his failure to uncover a No. 1 goaltender, but in recent years he has made a point of speaking with more goalie coaches to sharpen his knowledge of the position. Andersson

HÅKAN ANDERSSON

"HÅKAN IS AN UNSUNG HERO, AN MVP FOR US," SAYS HOLLAND. "HIS FINGERPRINTS ARE ON A BIG PART OF OUR TEAM."



NIKLAS KRONWALL
Drafted with the
29th pick in 2000
657 NHL games

GUSTAV NYQUIST
Drafted with the
121st pick in 2008
160 NHL games

JONATHAN ERICSSON
Drafted with the
291st pick in 2002
388 NHL games

RED STORM RISING

The current members of the Red Wings scouted by Andersson have played 3,489 NHL games. Only Kronwall went in the first round.

remains relentlessly curious. In Göteborg he is less focused on Larsson than on a righthanded shooting winger from Västerås, Lukas Zetterberg (no relation to Henrik). Andersson has already seen the 17-year-old Zetterberg three times and is uncertain what to think.

"Remember, this is a Junior B game," Andersson says during the second period. "When the game's over, am I going to remember that [Zetterberg] stood out? He should dominate. He tries to finish his checks, but he's not really

intense. His skills are O.K. Can he do what he does here in the NHL?" Zetterberg chases the play into the corner, on the side of the ice where Andersson is seated. His view is obscured, but the scout clearly sees what comes next: An opposing defenseman whips the puck to a teammate in the neutral zone. "I don't know what happened, but it can't be good," he says. "If you asked me right now, I would say to you it's doubtful he would be on [my] list."

Like many Swedes, Andersson speaks nearly flawless, colloquial English—right down to his appropriation of one of Holland's verbal ticks, beginning answers with "I would say



PAVEL DATSYUK

Drafted with the
171st pick in 1998
876 NHL games

HENRIK ZETTERBERG

Drafted with the
210th pick in 1999
818 NHL games

JOHAN FRANZÉN

Drafted with the
97th pick in 2004
600 NHL games

to you. . . ." Andersson is 50. He is a professional optimist, one of the prerequisites for a job in which his work and that of his 12 fellow Red Wings amateur scouts is refined annually into seven draft choices. If Andersson likes a player, he might say, "I don't mind him," to dampen his natural enthusiasm. If he really likes a player, Andersson will bypass standard operating procedure—after games he usually refashions the sparse notes he jots on his roster into a detailed report that he enters into the team's scouting database—and rank him on his list of European prospects, which will have 30 to 40 names at the draft in Florida next June.

"The odds say 1½ in seven make it [to the NHL]," he says. "The criticism is I go too much for the home run. Late rounds, I'll go for pure talent. If a guy makes it, [he'll probably] be on the top two lines. My joke is Kenny can pick up the phone [any time] and find a fourth-line player or a seventh [defenseman]. So why not swing for the fences?"

IN JULY 1989, Detroit scouting director Neil Smith left the Red Wings to become GM of the Rangers. When he departed for New York, Smith brought along Christer Rockström, the European scout who a month earlier had been behind Detroit's selection of defenseman Nicklas Lidström in the third round of the team's epic draft. Red Wings assistant GM Nick Polano asked Rockström if he could recommend a replacement.

Rockström said he had someone in mind.

"[Håkan] had hunger," says Rockström, 57, who spent 21 years with the Rangers and now works for the Canadiens. "He would be willing to go the extra mile for a team. And I knew he had a good eye. He'd been a pretty good youth player. He knew about puckhandling, skating, edges. He could look at a skater and tell you if a guy was stiff-kneed or knock-kneed."

Polano flew to Stockholm, where Rockström introduced him to Andersson, a center whose playing career had been cut short before his 18th birthday because of a torn meniscus in his left knee. Polano told Andersson of the job opening in Detroit and then left for a scouting trip to Finland and Russia. When he returned, Polano took Andersson on a traveling job interview around the Swedish Elite League. "I'm telling him what to look for: skating, playmaking ability, hard work, someone who's not intimidated," says Polano, now a pro scout for the Senators. "I'd quiz him about this guy or that guy we were watching. And he was bang on. The guy was a natural. After a few days I'm thinking, *I'm going to hire a fishing guide.*"



Long before Andersson ever scoured the Continent for players, his life was already centered on landing big ones. Since the age of 11 or 12 he had been trolling the Stockholm archipelago for pike. When he was 15, he and Rockström, a coach in the youth hockey organization in which Andersson played, bought a boat together. Andersson used it to fish for salmon in Norway and grew so adept at angling that he would eventually become a guide. In 1989, while Rockström was scouting players for the Red Wings, Andersson was leading an expedition of well-heeled fly-fishermen to Rio Grande, a city on Tierra del Fuego, in southern Argentina, where they trawled for sea-run brown trout. The analogy between scouting and fishing is vividly obvious—both require patience and a knowledge of where to look—but inexact because, unlike Swedish hockey players, fish don't want to be caught.

Since 1993, Detroit has drafted 42 Swedes, 18 in the last three rounds. "You have success, you build up a network, and now guys want to go there, something like Minnesota is building with Finns," a Western Conference scout says. "Not that

[Andersson] isn't a great scout, but he's with a team with a solid organizational philosophy and great player development. He's also being fed [information] by coaches and other people because they know Detroit's a good spot [for Swedish players]." Andersson employs three bird dogs in the country, one each in the north, south and west. Asked if there is anyone in the hockey business in Sweden he can't get on the phone, he replies, "Not that I need to talk to."

"I'm not a fisherman," Holland says, "but I'm assuming if you find a good fishing hole, and you continue to pull fish out of there, you're gonna keep going back till it's dry. That's the same with Håkan and us."

Andersson's first big catch was not a magnificent specimen like those 20-pounders his clients landed in Argentina. At 5' 10" and 165 pounds, Holmström was barely a keeper when Andersson first saw him in 1991, at a training camp for 1973-born players. He was a clumsy 18-year-old winger who wasn't the best skater but was dogged on the puck and eager to get to the net. Two years later Andersson asked a coaching friend in northern Sweden to name the best player in the area and was told it was Holmström, now two inches taller and 25 pounds heavier. Andersson remembered the aggressive teen and went to watch him again. "I mentioned him to our Czech scout, who'd seen him in a tournament there," Andersson says. "The scout said, 'I don't know about that guy. His skating is pretty suspicious.' " On Andersson's recommendation the Red Wings drafted Holmström in the 10th round in '94. (There were 11 rounds then.) Holmström won four Stanley Cups, played in 1,026 regular-season games and scored 243 goals. He was known for screening goalies while getting whacked like a piñata and yapping in an incomprehensible linguistic blend that made him sound like a second cousin of the Muppets' Swedish Chef. "That one," Andersson says of the Holmström pick, "propelled my career."

There is no low-hanging fruit for Detroit, which has not had a top 10 pick since it took Martin Lapointe at No. 10 in 1991. The Red Wings' perennial success dictates that they have to scout a little harder, nurture talent in the minors a little longer and coach smarter to keep replenishing the NHL roster. At the draft table, Andersson sits four or five spots down from Holland and Detroit's director of amateur scouting, now Tyler Wright. Generally the Wings' picks in the first two or three rounds will reflect organizational consensus, but then, as the Europeans on his list go undrafted, Andersson will start inching up the table. "I chuckle because there's a moment when he gets excited, when he'll start hovering and whispering to us," Holland says. "When Håkan talks, we listen. He has a good feel for what it takes to play in the NHL. He's able to figure out for the most part who can make the transition to North America. And he's learned where a guy should go in the draft."

The middle and later rounds are Andersson's time. In 2008, in the fourth round, Andersson connected on a prototypical Detroit prospect: clever, determined and, yes, small, a player undrafted in his first year of eligibility who had already com-

HÅKAN ANDERSSON

ASKED IF THERE'S ANYONE IN SWEDISH HOCKEY HE CAN'T GET ON THE PHONE, ANDERSSON REPLIES, "NOT THAT I NEED TO TALK TO."



FISH STORY

An aspiring center before he tore up his knee, Andersson spent much of the 1980s leading fishing expeditions around the world.

mitted to play collegiately at Maine. "He called me to meet him for coffee on the day of [my junior] game in Malmö," Nyquist says. "I was a little nervous. He's a well-known scout." (To see how a prospect handles the pressure, Andersson sometimes will tip him off that he is coming.) After a three-year apprenticeship in college and 137 games with AHL Grand Rapids, the 5' 11", 183-pound Nyquist emerged to lead the Red Wings with 28 goals in 57 games in 2013-14. This season the 25-year-old left wing has 19 goals, including the overtime winner in Ottawa on Dec. 27, when he circled the zone counterclockwise three times, shook free from two checkers and lasered a shot from 32 feet. The 28-second sequence was positively Datsyukian.

Nyquist has scored 53 NHL goals, as many as Datsyuk at the same age. The difference: Datsyuk has the alltime Håkan scouting story.

UNTIL 2013, Jim Nill had been Holland's assistant in Detroit for 15 years, overseeing amateur scouting. "You see all kinds of stuff when you fly in Russia," says Nill, now the Stars GM. "[Once] Håkan and I saw this guy who had a propane bottle right between his knees. Another time there was a guy with a big hunting knife cutting up a sausage." Russia is not exactly an upright-and-locked-position

COURTESY OF HÅKAN ANDERSSON (2)



POWER PLAYERS

In Winnipeg on Nov. 20, Detroit started five of Andersson's players: (from left) Nyquist, Franzén, Zetterberg, Kronwall and Ericsson.

kind of place, but the country's lax approach to air travel made an indirect contribution to Andersson's most celebrated coup.

In the fall of 1997, Andersson and Rockström were both in Yekaterinburg, a city 900 miles east of Moscow. They primarily were monitoring defenseman Dmitri Kalinin, a future Sabres first-rounder, but that night Andersson was gobsmacked by one of his hockey epiphanies. On a Yekaterinburg power play the center, who Andersson says could not have been more than 5' 9" and 140 pounds, backchecked furiously and made an exquisitely timed, all-out lunge to break up a shorthanded two-on-one, sending the puck skittering to the corner. It was Datsyuk. "I saw skill, great effort and the great read on what was going on," Andersson says. "He was small, and the NHL's a big man's league, but that one play kept coming up in my mind. I knew I had to see him again."

Andersson did see him again and was en route a third time, only now he had company: a Flames scout was on the same plane. They boarded the scheduled 11 a.m. flight and then sat on the runway as a snowstorm blanketed Moscow. A few hours later Andersson was startled by a roar. Outside his window he could see flames dancing near the wings, blown by a fan through a massive circular device on the tarmac. The contraption looked like Paul Bunyan's hair dryer. "The snow started to melt," he says, "but those wings are right near the fuel." Eventually the deicing was abandoned and the flight was canceled, leaving the two scouts stranded and Datsyuk mostly a mystery to the gentleman from Calgary. Andersson figures he might have gotten scooped if not for the snow. Instead, the Red Wings took the young Russian in the sixth round the following summer.

Six years later Andersson was almost certain he was the only scout with a fix on defenseman Alexander Edler, then playing for Jämtlands HF, a senior team in what amounted to a glorified beer league in northern Sweden. To avoid an unnecessary six-hour drive from his home, Andersson called the team's coach to make sure Edler would be in the lineup that night in an end-of-season

game. Sure, Andersson was told, come on up. But the coach tipped off an agent in Stockholm, who faxed other Swedish scouts that the Red Wings were interested in Edler. "Biggest mistake of my career," Andersson says of that phone call. Thomas Gradin, the Canucks' European scout, saw Edler, and at the 2004 draft Vancouver traded up in the third round to take him, six spots before Detroit's pick. Edler has played 551 NHL games and has twice reached double digits in goal scoring.

Andersson's consolation prize was the next player on his European list. The hulking Franzén was undervalued by most scouts because he was perceived to be a shutdown center, the role in which he had been pigeonholed by the Linköping coach. But through his contacts, Andersson learned that the 6' 2", 207-pound Franzén was actually nifty with the puck. The Red Wings took him instead of Edler with the 97th pick, and Franzén has had four seasons of 27 goals or more.

"Not many secrets anymore," Andersson says. "Datsyuk was small and didn't make the national team, so that was luck. It's tougher to find hidden players because junior national team coaches are traveling more, getting the right guys. And once a guy is on a national team, everyone will see him."

THE GAME between Västerås and the team from Norway, now tied 3–3, slouches into overtime. Lukas Zetterberg has set up two goals but has taken two penalties and rarely has owned the game at even strength. Then, 30 seconds into overtime, Zetterberg bulls the puck into the right face-off circle, rips a shot off the goalie's pads and pounces on the rebound for the winner, snapping it five hole.

Andersson notes something on the bottom of the roster sheet. Looking up, he says, "Well, he's quick, but I don't see pull-away speed. Is the puck glued to his stick? No. Does he have a good shot? Yes. But he missed the net three times. I don't quite see the tools." He pauses, smiles. "But he kept himself alive." Eventually, Andersson might not even mind him. □

ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH YEAR, IS

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Scout, Edlin and ...

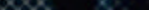
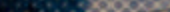
The Duke men's basketball program has not provided a detailed explanation of the dismissal, which was the first in head coach Mike Krzyzewski's 35 years as the helm of the program. Seemingly, the professor was dismissed from the Duke basketball team 29 years after he repeatedly struggled to meet his obligations, Krzyzewski said in the an-

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DARK DAYS IN
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2006 (left) who was
accused—and later
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The Sulaimon news put Coach K on the spot and brought to mind the lacrosse players in 2006 (left) who were accused—and later exonerated—of rape.

“IT STRUCK A NERVE”

An SI investigation into the sexual assault allegations against former Duke guard Rasheed Sulaimon exposed the complex issues that surround such cases on campus

BY EMILY KAPLAN

Illustration by SI Premedia



AT DUKE, the week before spring break tends to be a time for latte-fueled cram sessions and the unearthing of tank tops and Ray-Bans before trips to Cancún. The true madness of March—when the Blue Devils vie for another national title—won’t begin for a couple of weeks. But this year the sweet anticipation of spring was rocked by a bombshell.

On the Monday of midterms, the campus woke to a story in the student newspaper, *The Chronicle*, reporting allegations that former guard Rasheed Sulaimon had sexually assaulted two female students. On Jan. 29, Sulaimon had become the first player outright dismissed from a team by coach Mike Krzyzewski, in a tenure that dates to the Carter Administration. The initial explanation for Sulaimon’s dismissal was murky. *The Chronicle*’s report 4½ weeks later seemed to provide clarity.

The absence of Sulaimon, a 6' 4" junior from Houston, has had little impact on the court; the No. 2-ranked Blue Devils, a likely top seed in the NCAA tournament, won 11 straight after his departure. Yet the news reverberated throughout the Durham, N.C., campus. On March 11, students discussed the allegations over french fries at the student center and in the English lit stacks at the library. One student said his professor of gender studies incorporated it into her lesson plan.

Neither of the alleged victims spoke to *The Chronicle*. The story is largely constructed from recollections of students who attended Common Ground, a student-run, university-sponsored retreat off campus, where both the allegations were first made. On two separate retreats, one in October 2013 and another in February 2014, a female student told the group she had been sexually assaulted by Sulaimon. (He did not attend either retreat.) *The Chronicle*’s account also relied on an “anonymous affiliate” of Duke basketball and interviews with Lincoln Wensley, a former student secretary in the basketball office. Wensley, a senior from Kenai, Alaska—whose extracurriculars have included volunteering at a tutoring center named in honor of Krzyzewski’s late mother—said he told his superior in the athletic department of the sexual assault allegations against Sulaimon on Jan. 22. He quit his job the same day.

Amid insinuations of an institutional cover-up, the questions about Duke’s—and specifically Coach K’s—handling of the allegations echoed far beyond Tobacco Road. Crews from CNN and *Good Morning America* showed up for the Blue Devils’ home finale against Wake Forest on March 11. They weren’t there to report on Krzyzewski’s quest for win number 1,010.

Nearly a decade after three Duke lacrosse players were falsely accused of rape and kidnapping, a university known for the moral rectitude of its athletic programs again braced for scandal. Under federal Title IX guidelines, schools must investigate any allegation that a student has been sexually assaulted. During such investigations, the accused can expect the presumption of innocence. Each case has its own metabolism and fact pattern. Here is what SI has learned about Sulaimon’s at week’s end.

- Neither of the alleged victims filed an official

complaint with the school or with the Durham police department.

- The Duke Office of Student Conduct opened an investigation into the allegations. According to an SI source, the case was closed last summer when the claims could not be substantiated.
- Sulaimon was dismissed from the team for what Krzyzewski described as a failure to “consistently live up to the standards required to be a member of our program.” The athletic department has said that there was not one major violation but an accumulation of offenses. Multiple sources told SI that many of those offenses were minor, including a missed 11 p.m. curfew shortly before Sulaimon was dismissed.

- Sulaimon, through his lawyer, maintains his innocence. A sociology major, he is still enrolled at Duke and in good academic standing.

The Chronicle also reported that high-ranking figures within the athletic department, including Krzyzewski, became aware of allegations against Sulaimon as early as March 2014. Yet, in the absence of an official complaint or actionable evidence, administrators were hamstrung by due process concerns. The real inquiry about Coach K is not what did he know and when did he know it, but rather, given the circumstances, could he have acted differently?

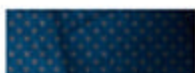
THE OFFICES of Ekstrand & Ekstrand occupy a white Colonial Revival 100 yards from East Campus. Bob Ekstrand, a 1998 Duke Law graduate, and his wife, Samantha, are prominent in Durham’s student legal circuit, representing clients who range from the accused Blue Devils lacrosse players to undergrads with marijuana charges.

Sulaimon contacted Bob Ekstrand the night before *The Chronicle* story ran. Yet he was baffled. He’d worked on many high-profile cases, but this was the first time a potential client sought counsel to respond to a report without knowing what allegations the report might contain. Initially, he agreed to serve as an adviser since there was no legal proceeding that required advocacy. A formal complaint may never be filed. According to *The Chronicle*, the two alleged victims considered “backlash from the Duke fan base” as a deterrent from pursuing charges.

Understandably, accusers in sexual assault cases are often reluctant to come forward, especially when prominent athletic programs are involved. Look no further than the rape allegations last year against Florida State’s Heisman-winning quarterback, Jameis Winston. Within days of the allegations becoming public, the alleged victim says she received death threats from Seminoles fans, not to mention resistance from the Tallahassee police department when reporting the incident. Saying that her life was turned upside down, she left the school. Winston was neither charged by police nor disciplined by Florida State.

A program can find it difficult to dismiss a player on allegations alone. This isn’t a mere abstraction. In April 2014, Maryland guard Dez Wells settled a lawsuit against his former school, Xavier, over his expulsion following allegations of sexual assault. Wells’s suit claimed that Xavier’s “reckless

“Because
the details
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says a Duke
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“HOW PEOPLE
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ATHLETICS.”



rush to judgment” resulted in a flawed investigation after he was accused by a classmate in 2012.

And of course, the issue of a rush to judgment of an accused athlete strikes a particularly resonant chord at Duke, where the lacrosse scandal and its aftermath remain painful memories. “The Sulaimon story struck a nerve,” says Orin Starn, professor of cultural anthropology at Duke. “And because the details are dubious, how people reacted varied on how they view big-time athletics. Supporters of the basketball program tend to view this as a case of unfair scrutiny of the team in a way that Duke is always held to a higher standard. Those who don’t like college athletics thought this was the case of a star basketball player getting away with rape, with a legendary coach possibly looking the other way.”

After starting as a freshman, Sulaimon saw his playing time decrease each season; he was averaging 7.5 points off the bench this year before his dismissal. Is it possible that Duke came up with a minor violation to cut ties with Sulaimon, even without a formal accusation? Or, as implied by *The Chronicle*’s time line, that Krzyzewski took a preemptive measure before the allegations became public?

JUST WEEKS removed from being the toast of the nation for winning his 1,000th game, Krzyzewski has not been forthcoming with reporters when asked about Sulaimon, citing the wide-ranging federal privacy law, FERPA. In a statement, Duke athletic director Kevin White clarified that any allegation of student misconduct brought to the athletic staff is immediately referred to the Office of Student Conduct. “Those procedures have been, and continue to be, followed by coach Mike Krzyzewski and all members of the men’s basketball program,” White said. Sources within the athletic department say Krzyzewski would like to clarify what he knew, when he knew it and the steps he chose to take, but is prevented from doing so because of FERPA. Thus, he must endure campuswide speculation about his role in a possible cover-up and perceptions that he did not take the allegations seriously.

Last Saturday night, the Blue Devils traveled 10 miles south on U.S. 15-501 to beat archrival North Carolina 84-77 in their regular-season finale. The Duke campus had emptied, exams had ended, but the Blue Devils’ toughest test was still unresolved. □

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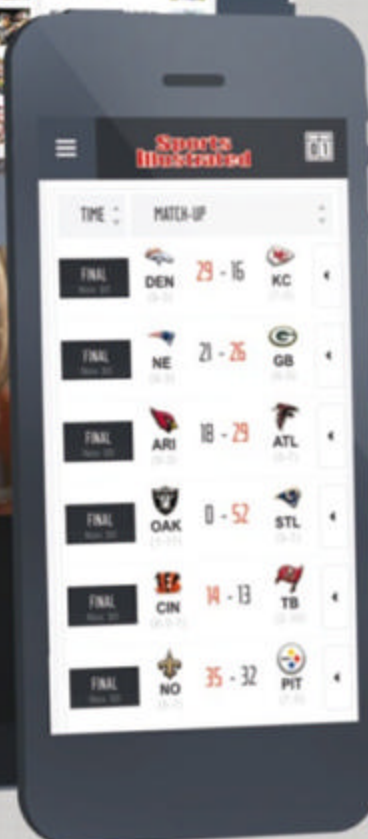
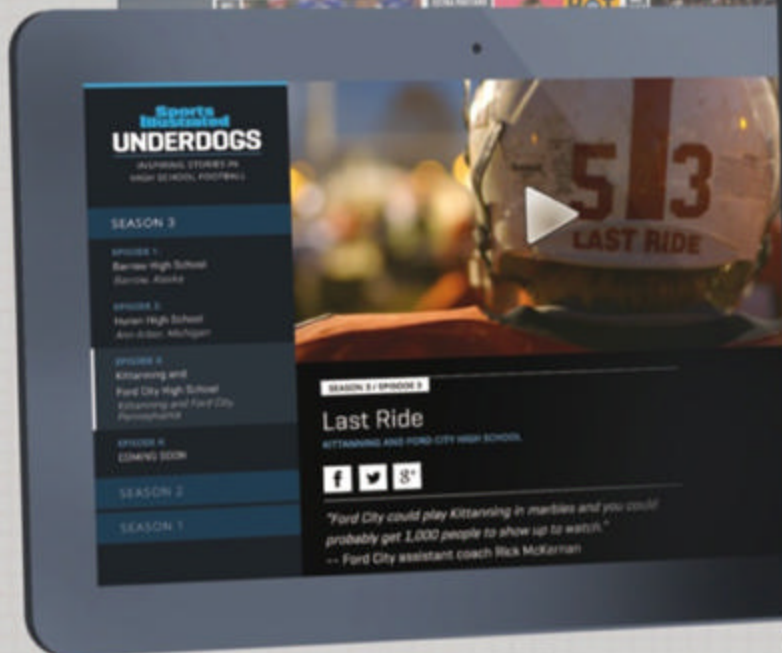
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How Did Carolina Lose Its Way?

That's the question that the author, UNC class of '83, went to Chapel Hill to answer in the aftershocks of an academic fraud scandal that laid waste to the university's claim that it keeps sports and scholarship in perfect balance

BY S.L. PRICE

Illustration by
Guy Stauber

And hey, babe, the sky's on fire, I'm dying, ain't I?
—JAMES TAYLOR, "Carolina in My Mind"

MY WAY BACK? It began with laughter. My oldest child was a high school senior in April 2014, at the point in college admissions season when everyone's bruised and judgments drop hard and final. He was staring at his phone one night. He and his best friend had already gotten into North Carolina. Now they were texting each other, and my son kept giggling. "Great school," he said. Then he turned the screen so I could see.

It was the Rosa Parks essay. If you're one of the partisans—defensive or gleeful—who consumed every bit of spew from the scandal concerning sham classes at Chapel Hill over the last five years, no explanation is needed. The 146-word "Final Paper" written by a UNC athlete for a class in the since-discredited Department of African and Afro-American Studies (AFAM) was described by whistle-blower Mary Willingham in an ESPN report as "not even close to college work." A sample: *Her and the bus driver began to talk and the conversation went like this. "Let me have those front seats," said the driver.*

The athlete, Willingham said, received an A minus. Screen grabs rocketed around the Internet. Like the 2012 news that a Tar Heels wide receiver had plagiarized from website material written by 11-year-olds, the Rosa Parks essay caricatured a truth and reinforced a notion: Once superior North Carolina had lost its way.

Still, my son was hardly bothered. He and his friend liked the triumph of getting into one of the nation's most selective public universities. *I* was the problem. I, who wept upon leaving Chapel Hill in 1983, who tried each year to donate some cash to the school, had nudged him forever to apply. But now something, gut level, had turned.

When my son chose to go to UCLA, I muttered, "Good." Sending one more dollar to UNC felt too much like endorsing an academic crime spree—as well as the UNC administration's inadequate response. Years of stonewalling, spin, reports and "retirements" had left an impression less of true reform than of erosion, a reputation in retreat, and graduates young and old had been called to account. "Did you take those classes when you were there?" Russ Rose, the Penn State women's volleyball coach, needled me in 2012. "The ones that didn't exist?"

And that was before Rashad McCants, the second-leading scorer on the 2005 national championship basketball team, told ESPN last June that, during his three years in Chapel Hill, he and other players slid by with the illegal benefit of no-show



courses, a complicit academic support staff and athletic department—and the “100%” knowledge of coach Roy Williams.

On June 30 the NCAA announced that it was reopening an inquiry that had already produced the first major sanctions against UNC in half a century. On Oct. 22 it became clear why. The university-commissioned, independent report released by former federal prosecutor Kenneth Wainstein confirmed that what had long been painted as a rogue academic operation was in truth a wide-ranging “scheme” started in large part to keep at-risk athletes eligible. Worse, the scandal went well beyond NCAA purview. At least 3,100 North Carolina students took advantage of the so-called AFAM paper classes from 1993 to 2011, and more than half were nonathletes.

The impact of all this on Tar Heels morale was seismic. No other flagship university had possessed a more pronounced sense of its own virtue; balancing big-time sports and fine academics, doing it the “right way,” had become so vital to UNC’s identity that the school claimed ownership of it. And why not? While “public Ivies” such as Michigan and UCLA spent the last 20 years struggling to reclaim athletic greatness, the so-called Carolina Way kept producing.

Now? Graduation rates, diplomas—the very value of a UNC degree—are all in question. “Once [the fraud] affected the core student body, it became a knife in the back: How could our university do that to us?” said former Tar Heels fencer Bob Largman, the U.S. fencing team leader at the last four Olympics. “It’s disheartening. That sure foundation that I had with the university is crumbling. And I don’t know what it will take to rebuild it.”

For Largman to feel this made sense: He exemplified the Carolina Way better than anyone else I knew. But I was a puzzle. Because in our time on campus, no one else had fancied himself more the cool skeptic about UNC sports. Yet here I was, 32 years later, feeling the same disillusion and loss.

How had I come to be such a believer? What had I missed?

I ARRIVED IN Chapel Hill on a bus early one August morning in 1981, mouthy and unformed, 19 years old, a Northerner, a transfer, a pain. Full disclosure: I owe the place. My home and family, even the option-packed SUV that I drove to North Carolina last month in an attempt to sort out the scandal, exist in large measure because I graduated from there. Simply, the school bristled with quality, in class and out. Swimmers and wrestlers and lacrosse teams vied for national titles, the football team was ranked in the Top 20, the baseball team had future major leaguers B.J. Surhoff, Walt Weiss and Scott Bankhead. And all of that was just the undercard for the main event.

By then Dean Smith, famous for his tactical brilliance, nasal honk and 96% graduation rate, had been to six Final Fours and produced dozens of NBA players. His pivotal role in integrating Chapel Hill restaurants and ACC rosters, and his protest against the Vietnam War, lent him unmatched moral heft. Smith insisted that scorers not chest-pound but point to the passer who made a basket possible, and that became statewide code for unselfishness. “He coached basketball,” Largman said, “but I believed he was *my* coach.”

Even the donnish ring of that first name, *Dean*, felt like the finishing touch on some grand design. With his team playing in a rickety jewel box for 10,180 tucked near the cemetery, with the football Heels confined to a 48,000-seat



GRADUATION RATES, DIPLOMAS—THE VERY VALUE OF A UNC DEGREE—ARE ALL IN QUESTION. “ONCE [THE FRAUD] AFFECTED THE CORE STUDENT BODY,” SAID LARGMAN, “IT BECAME A KNIFE IN THE BACK.”

stadium that, legend had it, could never rise above the surrounding pines, there was a tangible sense of sports and academics in near-perfect proportion. Why would that ever change?

I covered UNC basketball for *The Daily Tar Heel* during the 1982–83 season, just after Smith finally won his first national title. Something shifted in the tone of Tar Heels fans then. Someone scrawled GOD on Smith’s name on a wall inside the student apartments at Granville Towers. ACC titles were no longer divine; now that UNC had shed its *virtuous loser* label, winning it all was the expectation.

Smith had seen this before. In 1957 the Tar Heels won their first NCAA title, under coach Frank McGuire, but within four years recruiting violations had landed the school on probation, and players’ involvement in a point-shaving scandal had forced McGuire out. In ’61, UNC president William Friday shuttered the annual Dixie Classic, slashed 11 games off the hoops schedule for five years and demanded that his new coach, Smith, run things clean.

In other words there’s no “Dean Smith” without Bill Friday, himself a staunch proponent of integration, free speech and academic excellence. Yet at least once it was the coach who saw fit to lecture the educator. “I cannot see how this can be an example of what we want in intercollegiate athletics,” Smith wrote in a blistering letter after his boss compared UNC’s 1982 team to North Carolina State’s ethically suspect ’74 champions. “Our basketball program is much more similar to Duke’s.”

Then Michael Jordan took the stage.



NEW GROUND

After Jordan gave Smith his first title, the opening of the Dean Dome (far left) helped undermine the coach's "right way."

teams wouldn't compete in the new arena? If the university supports this garish display of elitism, then the tail is just wagging the dog and both the students and the athletes are being cheated. . . .

And so on. The piece is, to say the least, flawed. Straw men, strained logic and snark abound. In passing I mentioned something about "slide courses," but that was a knife tossed in the dark. No, the biggest concerns in college sports back then were overzealous

alumni, free cars and \$1,000 handshakes. Academic impropriety at UNC? Unthinkable. I'd taken "rocks for jocks" (introductory geology) and sweated tests. I'd lived with two soccer and two football players who studied plenty. I shared a psych class with Tar Heels center Brad Daugherty, and he showed; Smith's assistants made sure of it. That's why so many of Smith's former players still can't accept that the no-show-classes scandal even occurred.

"It just didn't happen when we were there," says Daugherty, now an ESPN basketball analyst. "So we're trying to figure out who benefited and who was the first—if somebody did this. Because as Sam Perkins said, 'We went to class.' We wrote papers, got our papers marked up and took tests. I don't know how it could've happened."

How? Slowly, by all accounts. The imperatives of sports and academics (What takes priority, the road trip or the test?) have been clashing nationwide for a century, even at Chapel Hill. As Samuel Williamson, vice chancellor for academic affairs from 1984 to '88, told Wainstein, "Every time we closed the barn door, the athletics department built a new barn."

When I reached the retired Williamson at his home, he said, "My name is probably on your diploma" (it is) and explained that "new barns" went beyond gut classes. He included the 1980s summer school professor—soon relieved of his duties—who allowed athletes and others to finish a correspondence course in five days. And four flunking football players who tried to retroactively withdraw after a bowl game for "medical reasons." At least twice, Williamson said, "Honor Court cases in the summer were not pushed because somebody said, 'It's going to hurt the guy's chances for a pro contract.'"

But the most consistent battle at UNC centered on "special admits," those at-risk high school seniors who required review by the Committee on Special Talent. During his time, Williamson said, the university budgeted 32 special admits for each freshman class. A half dozen were reserved for musicians and artists. Football got 15 or so, men's basketball a couple, wrestling a few. Coaches would present candidates to the admissions office, which forwarded their dossiers to the committee. "Every time you thought you had seen a too-marginal case," Williamson said, "they'd give a new excuse: This guy, he can make it."

Debates among committee members were lengthy, and great weight was given to an inferior candidate's "character." John Shelton Reed, a UNC sociology professor for 31 years, sat on the special-admits committee in the mid-'80s and recalls three athletes—one a men's basketball player—being admitted with rock-bottom SAT verbal scores of 200. That was possible then under NCAA rules but far from the norm for most scholarship UNC athletes. Reed and two colleagues voted no, lost and moved on. "To this day I regret that I didn't blow the whistle right then and there," Reed says.

Dean Smith didn't argue any prospect's case to admissions; he left that to his assistant Eddie Fogler. But the coach was well aware of the concessions being made. "No matter what universities tell you, they make significant admission allowances for athletes," he told SI before the '95-'96 season. "No

NO ONE had seen it coming. Jordan had hit the jumper that gave Smith his NCAA title, of course, but the phenomenon that begat sneaker wars, eight ESPN channels, fashionable baldness and one-and-done—the force that made sports culturally central—began during Jordan's sophomore year. Night after night that season, Carmichael Auditorium's ear-shattering din met its match: Jordan destroying Duke with 32 points and a *triple*-pump fadeaway. Jordan gutting archrival Virginia in the final minute by plucking away an inbounds pass and crunching the dunk to win.

I wrote it all down. I fed off the frenzy and filed some of the most awful ledes possible; rereading them now, even I want to punch me in the face. But amid all my floundering, I sensed a further tip in the balance. From my dorm on South Campus, I could see the trees falling to make room for a 21,000-seat, \$34 million basketball arena, its construction financed by the boosters' self-styled Educational Foundation, aka the Rams Club. So I wrote a column, "The Price of Glory," ripping it.

... Is the construction of a new Student Activities Center justified in the face of a recession, when 10 percent of America is out of work, and financial aid has been cut to the marrow? Why is the Educational Foundation able to tell the administration that come hell or the NCAA they [sic] are going to build a new coliseum? It's our money, they say, we can do what we want with it.

If the university didn't want it, why didn't they [sic] just tell the "Educational" Foundation that UNC

college team that has made the Final Four over the past 20 years has had a starting team made up of players who got 1,000 on their college boards.”

“So,” Reed says, “we were admitting guys who had a lot of trouble reading and writing, and they were taking courses like Arts and Crafts for Elementary School Teachers. They learned how to make turkeys out of pinecones. But the classes met. Some [players] even graduated. What I’m trying to say is, the Carolina Way did everything the rules allowed. You were admitting students with some sort of vote of the faculty committee—stacked, to be sure, but they were approved. It was a charade at times, but it was within the rules.”

I started to react in horror . . . then paused. My high school transcript and SAT math score would land me in the admissions office’s reject pile today. I too had been somebody’s judgment call. Then again, even my worst professors were brilliant, demanding; a few pinecones would have been a relief. But I would have felt cheated.

Reaction to my Dean Dome screed varied. A few athletes liked seeing a bomb tossed, and it jibed with faculty concern that the arena signaled trouble. The pressure to win could only rise, if for no other reason than to fill seats. “The Big Rams were beginning to call the shots,” Williamson says.

The university chancellor, Christopher Fordham, asked me why I’d dare write such a thing. Roy Williams, then Smith’s assistant, bawled me out in his office. A rumor went around that football players had been sent out to beat me silly; I slept that night with a desk leg by my side and, awakening untouched, screwed it back in the next morning.

After the season Smith called me into his office at Carmichael. Startlingly, he was the only university official who seemed more curious than mad. So I rattled on a bit, and he asked questions and shook my hand as I left. It all felt academic: The Dean Dome was going to be built. His name would be on it, no matter that he hated the idea. The Big Rams, he was told, would have it no other way.

MY FIRST day back last month, I felt like a ghost haunting a McMansion. The lovely tree-and-brick core of the campus remains, but there’s been a doubling in size at the edges. Kenan Stadium too has been fattened up, with 15,000 more seats, raising capacity to SEC standards. That would have been seen as an insult in the days when the ACC fancied itself a conference with more on its mind than football now and forever. But no more.

Undeterred by the firing of coach Butch Davis in 2011, as the academic scandal unfolded, North Carolina is determined to be a Top 20 football program again. This was underscored in January when the school hired as its defensive coordinator former Auburn coach Gene Chizik, whose ’10 national title was accompanied by accusations of NCAA violations (investigated and unfounded, says UNC athletic director Bubba Cunningham). As it happened, the day before my arrival former chancellor Holden Thorp, whose promising tenure was a 2013 casualty of the scandal, had been mus-ing in the *Raleigh News & Observer* about the new Tar Heels reality. “We thought we were different from Auburn,” said Thorp, now the provost at Washington University in St. Louis, “but now we know that we’re not.”

That night I stepped inside the Dean Dome for the first time. Virginia was in town, a rival again, but everything else was different. The distant Carolina band labored heroically, but the crowd mostly murmured, and UNC played miserably. After the crowd filed out, I climbed the long steps to the dimmed concourse. High on the wall hung a massive photo of the

“WHAT I’M TRYING TO SAY IS, THE CAROLINA WAY DID EVERYTHING THE RULES ALLOWED,” REED SAYS. “IT WAS A CHARADE AT TIMES, BUT IT WAS WITHIN THE RULES.”



1967–68 team, Charlie Scott the lone black face, Smith’s head tilted with that little grin. Next to it was the next season’s squad, then the next, and soon I was drifting past Bobby Jones and Bob McAdoo, Walter Davis and Mike O’Koren and Dudley Bradley, then the ’82 champions, all smiling except Jordan.

All the while, in the dark, I kept hearing Daugherty’s voice: *Who was the first?*

The Wainstein Report pinpoints 1993—four years before Smith’s retirement—as the year that Debby Crowder, the AFAM office manager who was so devoted to UNC hoops that she was known to call in sick after losses, began devising “paper classes.” The “shadow curriculum” run by Crowder and department head Julius Nyang’oro “required no class attendance or course work other than a single paper, and resulted in consistently high grades that Crowder awarded without reading the papers,” the report said. (Crowder retired in 2009, and Nyang’oro was forced to retire in ’11.) A disproportionate 47.4% of the enrollees in AFAM classes were athletes, most of them football and men’s basketball players.

In all, basketball accounted for 54 enrollments in AFAM independent studies during Smith’s final four seasons. Wainstein found nothing to suggest that Smith had knowledge of Crowder’s scheme; indeed, Wainstein found it impossible to know which of the 54 courses were bogus and which were proper.

But Willingham and UNC history professor Jay Smith, co-authors of the new book *Cheated: The UNC Scandal, the Education of Athletes and the Future of Big-Time College Sports*, say that, based on documents



OUT IN THE OPEN

A book by Smith and Willingham (near left) and comments by McCants (32) detailed sham studies run by Nyang'oro (far left).

and transcripts, Smith's basketball program was the impetus for the fake courses. "We show pretty persuasively that it all started with easy-grade independent studies in the late '80s for a handful of weak students on the men's basketball team and mushroomed from there," says Jay Smith. In the fall of '88, he and Willingham say, Nyang'oro taught two of his earliest independent-study courses to two men's basketball players "with marginal academic records." Neither was an AFAM major; both earned B's. One player took another AFAM independent study the following summer, and in the summer and fall of '91, Nyang'oro oversaw independent-study courses for four more players.

The Wainstein Report states that Nyang'oro's early independent studies called for regular student meetings and progress reports. "You had to do the work," former UNC forward Kevin Madden told me when I called him. After being ruled academically ineligible his sophomore year, 1986–87, Madden took both regular and independent studies classes in AFAM—and preferred the former. "That was hard," he said of independent study. "You turned in, I think it was, two papers per week."

Declaring himself academically motivated for the first time, Madden says that at times he would

park himself in a study room in the Dean Dome at 6 a.m. Another player's wife tutored him endlessly in math. When Madden told assistant coach Bill Guthridge, on the flight home from one game, that he was skipping his 8 a.m. class, Guthridge showed up at his door at 8—and made him run. Indeed, to the outside world life in Smith's program in the late '80s looked much like it always had. Rigid. By the book. And, to rivals, annoyingly upright. When star forward J.R. Reid missed a 1 a.m. curfew by a few minutes on the eve of a showdown with UCLA at the '89 NCAA regional, Smith famously sent him home. "A rule is a rule," Smith said.

UNC teachers, though, were nervous. The balance was shifting fast now: The Dean Dome opened in 1986, and two years later football coach Dick Crum was forced to resign amid pressure to upgrade the team. In December '89 a faculty committee led by writer Doris Betts capped a 10-month inquiry with a report declaring that "all intercollegiate athletic programs of NCAA Division I-A, including our own, are in varying degrees in conflict with the purposes and standards of universities." The so-called Betts Report made 32 recommendations for reform, including reining in the Rams Club and eliminating spring football and freshman eligibility. In the absence of real national reform, the report said, "we regard withdrawal from intercollegiate athletics as a serious alternative to the present state of things, which is intolerable."

That got a big laugh, not least because committee members in general found the UNC operation "very cleanly run," as sociology professor Henry Landsberger put it then. "The program is certainly not like an Oklahoma." Yet in ensuing years, complaints from various counselors in the Academic Support Program for Student Athletes (ASPSA) about Nyang'oro's demands on athletes enrolled in independent studies began to mount. "Crowder told [Nyang'oro] that the . . . counselors believed he was 'being an ass,'" says the Wainstein Report, "and were rethinking whether they should be steering student-athletes to AFAM classes."

Already the counselors saw what every academic watchdog had missed: that the loose construction of independent studies, under a willing professor, could be a tool to air out schedules and keep athletes eligible. Such courses were zealously regarded as redoubts of academic freedom. As department head starting in '92, Nyang'oro operated with next to no oversight, according to the Wainstein Report; when he buckled to pressure, eliminating regular assignments and meetings and ceding control to his office manager, the administration had every excuse not to notice. Thus was built the biggest and best-insulated barn yet: Crowder administered and graded independent studies, using them as GPA boosters for the academically impaired.

AFAM wasn't the only department to swing so freely; philosophy lecturer Jan Boxill, who was chair of the faculty and head of UNC's Parr Center for Ethics, was discharged last October for steering athletes into sham courses, doctoring students' papers and sanitizing an official report in an attempt to shield the athletic department from NCAA scrutiny. From 2004 to '12, *The Daily Tar Heel* reported, Boxill also taught 160 independent studies—20 in one semester. (The standard runs between one and three per year.) Wainstein's inquiry also presented counselors' emails that hinted at friendly paper classes conducted by a professor in the Department of Exercise and Sport Science.

Clearly, a standard had fallen at UNC, and I was taking it personally. My independent study in 1983—with Betts Committee member Townsend Ludington—was a privilege. It required a written proposal, an ambitious syllabus, a lengthy paper and regular meetings. But perhaps as early as '89, independent studies were being used not only as a reward for academic excel-

lence but also as safe harbors for special admits, whose numbers would grow substantially: UNC now reserves about 160 special-admit slots for athletes.

"There was no other way to keep these guys eligible," says Willingham, a learning specialist for ASPSA from 2003 to '10. "I participated in a scam for seven years and rationalized it like everyone else: I was helping these guys. They were learning something. During the time they had these fake independent classes, we got time back to work on real classes and do remedial work."

Maybe UNC administrators, deans and professors thought they could manage the ever-increasing tension between academics and sports because they had done it for so long. Call it hubris: As the athletic budget was expanding from \$9.1 million in 1984 to \$83 million last year, no one in power saw that a department with that much weight would seduce, intimidate or alter everything in its orbit. Or maybe call it fear: "Nobody wanted to disturb the notions of what the Carolina Way had meant," Thorp says. "As we discovered the problems, there was this additional barrier to bringing them into the open because nobody wanted the mystique to go away."

THE TEAM photo from the Dean Dome that lingered with me was from 2004–05, of course. Who knows how long it will stay up there? People kept asking, and I asked back, Do you think UNC will have to vacate those wins, that title? The national championship trophy gleams at the players' feet. And there on the right, side-by-side, sit Rashad McCants and Roy Williams. Both grinning. Williams, in fact, looks as happy as a man can be.

I went back to Carmichael, domain now of the women's basketball team, and it was empty, gauzed by memory. Smith's old office was long gone. Women's basketball coach Sylvia Hatchell knew Bill Friday—who in 2012 called the scandal his university's worst "humiliation" ever and then died a week later—from back home in tiny Dallas, N.C. She spoke of how much she had trusted Boxill, who served as the team's academic adviser and, according to the Wainstein Report, in 10 years steered players into 114 enrollments in paper classes. Eighty-one percent of Hatchell's players have graduated. The roof of her house is painted Carolina blue.

"When you look at the whole big picture, this was a small, small, small fraction," Hatchell said of the number involved in the scandal. "And I'm not making light of it. But when you compare that with everything else? Carolina still has the It factor. We are elite. We are *the* school. It's still the Carolina Way. It's still extremely prestigious to go to school here, to play here."

Everyone, officially, wore the same brave face. I went to South Building for the first time since the old chancellor chided me. The new one, Carol Folt, spoke of the 70-plus reforms put in place since 2011 and said that holes in advising and independent studies had been filled. The school's accreditation is under review; UNC is going to be stronger, she said. When I asked if the money in college sports—at least \$16 billion in TV contracts alone—made the "right way" impossible now, Folt led me like a child back to the rogue nature of Crowder's operation. Given this level of denial, the hiring of Gene Chizik made a lot more sense.

Down on South Campus, Bubba Cunningham, Notre Dame-trained, was sure the balance could be restored. The caliber of UNC student-athletes, he said, has markedly improved: Five years ago there were 40 extreme academic risks in the special-admit pool; last fall there were nine. Meanwhile the aging Dean Dome needs improving or replacing, and you can bet Rams Club cash that it's not going to get smaller. That things went so horribly sideways at



LESSON LEARNED?

After the damning report by Wainstein (above), Folt (near right) and Williams (at podium) insist UNC has the right sports-study balance.



UNC, of all places, doesn't seem to give Cunningham pause. "You can build great academic and athletic traditions together," he said. "Carolina's one of the schools that can. But when you make mistakes, it's really painful. So we have to regain our confidence and build back trust. It has just taken longer than I thought."

ROY WILLIAMS, who returned to steady the program in 2003, is one of the few people left at UNC from my time. When we met in his office, he said he remembered me, if not my screed or the way he'd dressed me down. So we talked instead about his definition of the Carolina Way and about how Smith had told him to be his own man when Williams left for Kansas, so he let the fans there wave during opponents' free throws, and—this saddens him—his players at Carolina don't point to the passer much anymore.

Then we talked about the Wainstein Report, which stated that Williams's longtime academic adviser Wayne Walden had knowledge of the bogus nature of the AFAM courses. Williams said that it was his own unease over players' "clustering" in one major—not any desire to insulate the program from future trouble—that impelled him to pull aside his longtime assistant coach Joe Holladay in 2005. "I said, 'Joe, I don't feel comfortable. Why would all these guys be doing this? It must be the easiest thing. Let's let them major in what they want to major in,'" Williams told me. "Now, I just said, 'Let's let them major . . . [which] sort of indicates that maybe I thought they'd been pushed. But I didn't feel any improprieties."

That Williams—or the detail-demon Dean Smith, for that matter—didn't suspect something awry in the AFAM classes seems impossible. After all, a coach's career, program and reputation depend on constant scrutiny of each player's actions



throughout a day. “I can’t believe Roy Williams doesn’t know what the hell’s going on,” said Williamson, the former UNC provost and dean. “If I believe that, I believe donkeys fly.”

Williams knows what people say. His calm response goes back 27 years, to when he was hired at Kansas. He says he was told then that professors didn’t want him or his assistants patrolling classrooms or even striding the quad. His job was only to swing the hammer—extra running, decreased playing time—when class attendance or unfulfilled course assignments became an issue. “You don’t know the push to keep coaches out of the academic side because people are worried about ‘undue influence,’” Williams said. “The faculty doesn’t want to be in the position where somebody says, ‘He’s friends with the coach.’”

Williams reacted more emotionally to McCants’s charge that the coach knew about the academic fraud. McCants said last June that during the basketball team’s 2005 title run he never attended or produced work for four AFAM classes, for which he got straight A’s and a spot on the dean’s list. (McCants’s teammates denied his account wholesale, but the *News & Observer* soon reported that five members of the ’05 squad, including four key players, took a combined 39 classes “identified as confirmed or suspected lecture classes that never met.”) Williams’s eyes went red; he started stammering and came very close to calling McCants a liar. Then something stopped him.

Smith’s devotion to his players, managers and staff created a far-flung, multigenerational basketball family with one unspoken law: Always help—and never speak ill of—someone from the program. (Once, when Williams told Smith that he was “loyal to a fault,” his mentor stared him down and said, “You shouldn’t use those words in the same sentence.”) McCants shattered that rule. Now, talking about him, Williams shook his head once, twice . . . but couldn’t cross that line.

Whether Williams will survive the scandal is any-

body’s guess. He has won two national titles for North Carolina, matching Smith’s total, but the reservoir of affection for Williams in Tar Heel Nation could simply never be as deep. Many players whom I know speak of his integrity, but it doesn’t rise as obviously off his shoulders; when Williams is seen tearing up or saying *dadgum*, half the strangers watching wonder if he’s really that sad or rustic—or far smarter and harder than he lets on.

But this moment I took at face value. No one has ever questioned Williams’s love for his mentor, his better angel. “God bless Coach Smith,” he finally said, softly. “What Rashad McCants said was not true. As opposed to saying he lied, I’d like to say that what he said is not right.”

I WAS BACK home on a church basketball court, arguing, when I heard the news. Play had stopped because my 12-year-old son had double-dribbled just before hitting a 20-foot jumper—his best of the game—and I called the violation. He wanted the shot to count. I refused. I can’t say that “a rule is a rule” was going through my head, but I know Dean Smith’s impeccability had informed my attitude around a bouncing ball for decades. “You need to get it right in practice, or you won’t get it right in games,” I kept saying. Then a text arrived saying that Smith, 83, was dead.

I made a few calls. The consensus seemed to be gratitude that dementia had spared the old coach this knowledge: His “right way” was in ruins, and the progressive bastion he’d championed had been targeted for a makeover by North Carolina’s right-wing governor, Pat McCrory, who since 2013 has been pushing to recalibrate UNC’s curriculum away from areas such as philosophy and antipoverty studies and more toward job creation.

“It’s very sad,” said Pulitzer Prize-winning book critic Jonathan Yardley, UNC class of ’61 and father of two Chapel Hill alums. “I have hanging in my home office a framed Distinguished Alumnus award that the university was kind to give me about 25 years ago. It’s always meant a lot to me. But I look at it now and think, Jesus, do I really want that on my wall?”

Two weeks later I made one last trip to Chapel Hill. Thousands lined up, a river of Carolina blue, outside the Dean Dome for the Sunday memorial, and most of the old faces surfaced. Billy Cunningham, Larry Brown. Guthridge in a wheelchair, Kenny Smith, Antawn Jamison. Men cried, video clips were played. The scandal was alluded to only twice. First, former player Mickey Bell stood onstage and said, “All of us should thank Roy Williams for keeping the values that Coach Smith created.” Second, Smith’s lifelong friend and pastor, Rev. Robert Seymour, said during the benediction, “We honor Dean Smith when we support the civil rights for every human being. We honor his memory by *never*”—and here Seymour’s voice rose to a cry—“allowing athletics to eclipse academics.”

But the best moment came before that. Williams stood at the podium and gave a gracious speech, full of flint and spark. “Every day our lives will show something that Coach Smith gave us,” he said. “The way we treat people with respect and dignity, and the way we care. Because that’s what Coach Smith did.” Then he asked the crowd to raise their hands, and 10,000 fingers shot up, pointing to the passer, the past, like a sudden bird going.

Mine went up, too, before I could stop it. It was a salute, I guess, beyond disgust and rage, an appreciation for the ideal if not the execution. Williams turned away, but some fingers remained raised 10, even 15 seconds longer before dropping, before the truth of the last years finally took hold. The games would go on. But it was over. □



Transaction Hero

→ BY LEE JENKINS



ON THE DAY of last month's NBA trading deadline, a record 37 players changed teams, and Alonzo Gee was one of them. His recollections of that manic morning are not unusual—the calls from harried executives, the texts from stunned relatives, the disorienting sensation that life is about to pull a reverse 360. Except he was experiencing it all for the fifth time since Father's Day.

Today Gee is a Blazer, but in the past eight months he has been a Nugget, a King, a Rocket, a Pelican, a Cavalier and sort of a Hornet. He can barely re-create the list. "I want to get all the different jerseys and hang them up," he says, "because it's such a crazy story."

His tale of transactions begins in September 2012. Gee was coming off his finest season: He had averaged 10.6 points and 5.1 rebounds for the Cavs, and they rewarded him with a three-year, \$9.75 million contract. He was so thrilled, he barely noticed that the last year wasn't guaranteed.

Fast-forward to June '14. Gee's numbers have sunk to 4.0 points and 2.3 rebounds, and the Cavaliers have fired the coach and the GM. He is still a tenacious wing defender, but he is entering the final year of his contract, and the Cavs are clearing cap space to pursue a different small forward.

On draft night Gee's agent informs him that Cleveland has traded him to Charlotte. He is heartbroken, but the Hornets seem excited to have him. Two weeks later, on the day LeBron James announces his return, the Cavaliers modify the Charlotte deal and send Gee to New Orleans instead. He is confused but encouraged. The Pelicans need a small forward.

Four days later he is off to Houston, in a three-team swap that lands center Omer Asik in New Orleans. Gee works out with Rockets coaches. He is issued number 10. I'm all set, he thinks. Two weeks before training camp, Houston jettisons him to Sacramento for guard Jason Terry.

Gee is accustomed to instability. Growing up near West Palm Beach, Fla., he and his mother lived in six different apartments. An undrafted free agent out of Alabama in 2009, he has been waived four times, signed two 10-day contracts and had a stint in the D-League. "Could be a lot worse," he tells himself.

Players like Alonzo Gee are the lubricants of the NBA trade market, assets prized as much for their contract flexibility as for their basketball skills.



What was the best move at the NBA trade deadline?

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But back in West Palm friends ask his mom, "What's going on with your son? Why doesn't anybody want him?" Alonzo struggles to explain the value of a nonguaranteed expiring contract, the NBA's version of funny money. A team like the Rockets can use such a contract to match salaries in a trade with a team like the Kings, who can then dispose of it without ramifications.

After winding up with the Kings, Gee relays a message to the front office through his agent: *If you want me, I'm flying out there today. If not, let me go. I have to get out of this contract.* The Kings waive him, nullifying the final, nonguaranteed year of his deal.

A lot of good came from that contract. Gee bought a house for his mom and another for himself. But never has a player been happier with a 65% pay cut than Gee, who signed a league-minimum \$1.1 million one-year pact with Denver the day before camp.

"I don't like to bounce around," he says. "I want to be in one place." And he was—for four months. Denver had no financial incentive to discard Gee at the deadline, but Portland asked for him, along with guard Arron Afflalo. On their flight west Gee reviewed his odyssey. "That's not possible," Afflalo said.

Today's NBA is a fantasy league writ large, with players as chips to be moved. Last week in Los Angeles, after a shootaround at Staples Center, Gee walked back to the J.W. Marriott in his practice uniform. Passersby eyed him curiously. "Nobody thinks about this side of the business," he said. He was not complaining. The Blazers are contenders, and even though he's only logging a few minutes per game, his first trip to the postseason beckons.

Gee glanced down at his jersey, as if he needed a reminder of the name on the front. "This feels different," he said. "They don't just want the contract. They want me."

For now.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly, with extra issues in February and August and skipped issues in January, February, April and July, by Time Inc. Principal Office: Time 6 Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020-1393. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40110178. Return undeliverable Canada addresses through the UPM process: GST #898391821R1001. U.S. Subscriptions: \$65 for one year. SUBSCRIBERS: If the postal service alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within two years. POSTMASTER: Send all UAA to CPS. See DMM 707.4.12.5. NON-POSTAL AND MILITARY FACILITIES: send address corrections to Post Office Box 62121, Tampa, FL 33662-2121. MAILING LIST: We make a portion of our mailing list available to reputable firms. If you would prefer that we not include your name, please call or write us. ©2015 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF TIME INC. CUSTOMER SERVICE AND SUBSCRIPTIONS: For 24/7 service, please use our website: www.SI.com/customerservice. You can also call 1-800-528-5000 or write to SI at P.O. Box 62120, Tampa, FL 33662-2120.

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